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CHRONICLE.

OUR chief duty this week is a pleasant one; we have to record the fact that Mr. J. W. Lowther has surpassed expectation as Chairman of Committees. There was much to be said against his appointment to this important post. He was young, he had been Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs from '86 to '92, and had failed to distinguish himself particularly. Nevertheless, competent observers on both sides of the House agree that he is the best Chairman of Committees ever known. The only person, indeed, who can be compared with him, is Lord Monk Bretton (*né* Dodson). Like Mr. Lowther, says a competent judge, Mr. Dodson was always right; but Mr. Lowther is always right in a particularly agreeable way, while Mr. Dodson was always right in a particularly disagreeable way. "Besides," says another Member, "Mr. Lowther is always at his post; he is a wonder in sticking to that chair. He never seems to want rest, and never gets fretted."

It is difficult to give examples of urbanity and fine judgment, and thus substantiate our opinion of Mr. Lowther's powers, because he avoids anything approaching to a scene, and because, so far, he has not had any great difficulties to overcome. Next March or April he will have a harder time; but we feel confident that he will make his mark, for he is full of tact and sense. He is marked out by nature to be the next Speaker. Mr. Lowther is a little easygoing, like the present Speaker (who, by the way, has done excellently well this week), which is perhaps the fault that the House of Commons loves best. Mr. Gully and Mr. Lowther do not fuss or bother unnecessarily, or play the schoolmaster, as did Mr. Peel, Mr. Courtney, and Mr. Dodson. It is true, however, that when the schoolmaster is such a heroic personage as Mr. Peel, the House begins to worship, and criticism becomes impossible.

There was something peculiarly infelicitous in the protest of the Conservatives against the appointment of Mr. Finlay and Dr. Kenny to the two Solicitor-Generalships, and of course the belated remorse of the "Times" was the most fatuous and tactless exhibition of all. That astonishing journal, after having eagerly swallowed a Birmingham alderman as Financial Secretary to the War Office, strains at Messrs. Finlay and Kenny as law officers on the ground that they are Liberal Unionists. The law officers of the Crown are professional experts, who are presumably chosen because they are best fitted to give sound legal advice to Her Majesty's Ministers. They must, of course, sit on the same side of the House as the Government, but their politics are comparatively unimportant. No one would think of consulting Sir William Broadbent rather than Sir Douglas Powell, because the former held certain views on the Armenian atrocities or Home Rule. So clearly is this recognized

that every one expects a lawyer's politics to sit lightly on him, and no one cares much about his principles.

From a purely professional point of view, it cannot be seriously denied that Mr. Finlay's position at the English bar is a bigger one than Mr. Byrne's. To begin with, Mr. Finlay is nearly ten years senior to Mr. Byrne, who is an exceedingly sound and ingenious lawyer, but can hardly yet be called one of the leaders of the Chancery bar. Then, Mr. Finlay's practice is much larger and more lucrative than Mr. Byrne's; we should say the Member for Inverness made double the income of the Member for Walthamstow. The same observations apply to the relative positions of Dr. Kenny and Mr. Dunbar Barton at the Irish bar. Mr. Barton is the nephew of Mr. David Plunket, and he is a very good fellow, who has spoken often and effectively in the House of Commons since 1892; but it is absurd to compare his professional position in Dublin with that of Mr. Kenny. Mr. Barton is a Harrow and Oxford man, with pleasant Irish manners, rather marred by absent-mindedness, and with some share of the Plunket gift of fluent rhetoric. At Oxford he was President of the Union, and was affectionately known as Paddy Barton. He is a director of Guinness's brewery. The Government have selected the best lawyers they could get to advise them, and the protest against giving Liberal Unionists too many posts should have been made at the time when the Powell Williamses and Jesse Collingses were pushed into places for which they had no perceptible qualifications.

We said last week that the Liberal Opposition of today finds itself in a situation resembling that of the Conservative Opposition between 1880 and 1885. The split between the Radical leaders and the official Liberals of the Opposition has been quite as marked during the present Parliament as was the divergence of opinion between Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Stafford Northcote twelve or thirteen years ago. It will be remembered that Lord R. Churchill then brought matters to a head by a letter to the "Standard," in which he exposed the weakness of the existing Tory organization, and now we learn from the "Daily News" and "Daily Chronicle" that an interview took place on Wednesday "between Sir W. Harcourt and several representatives of the Parliamentary Radical Committee on the subject of party organization." These well-informed organs of public opinion tell us that the proceedings were "of a strictly private and confidential character." They do not seem to be aware of the fact, which is also ignored by the "Times," that Sir William Harcourt had already seen all the leading Radicals *separately*, and had shown himself disposed to favour their views. When the leading Radicals went to meet Sir W. Harcourt in a band, they went to a sort of dress rehearsal, and this was made apparent by the presence with Sir W. Harcourt of Mr. Thomas Ellis, the Libera Whip.

Of course, an interview of a strictly private and confidential character between a dozen persons, with their various individual prejudices and ambitions, is in these democratic days an impossibility. The disagreement between the Radical wing and the party leaders has been an open secret ever since the General Election to all but the editors of Liberal papers. This *secret de polichinelle* may now be disclosed in its main outlines. The Liberal leaders have been accustomed to influence the constituencies and be influenced by them through two bodies, the Liberal Central Association and the National Liberal Federation. The Liberal Central Association was always in the hands of the Whips and the party leaders; but the National Liberal Federation was an institution of later growth, intended to formulate the Radical aspirations which the Central Association usually poohpoohed. Gradually, however, the National Liberal Federation has in its turn been captured by the Whips. It is well known that in the last election these two organizations were, so to speak, the two hands of an automaton moved by the official will.

Naturally enough, as this policy led the party to a disastrous defeat, the Radical leaders are discontented with it. They hold that the National Liberal Federation, at least, should be brought into touch with the constituencies and be made representative of Radical feeling throughout the country. As we have said, they are certain to get their own way in this and other matters of almost equal importance. It is a matter of common knowledge that Mr. Marjoribanks, now Lord Tweedmouth, exercised a dominant influence in the party counsels during the last General Election; and we should imagine that the defeat of his policy would involve his retirement into political obscurity. Mr. Marjoribanks was an excellent Liberal Whip, but since he became Lord Tweedmouth he has grown to be like the average Indian official who gets a seat in the House of Commons and wants to manage India from England. While he has been in the House of Lords he has fallen out of touch with his party. His friends say he has kept in touch with Lord Rosebery; but if this be true, he has kept in touch with Lord Rosebery alone, for he has certainly been at loggerheads with Sir William Harcourt, and consequently the retirement of Lord Tweedmouth will not only conciliate the Radicals, but will also be in some degree a victory for Sir W. Harcourt.

There is no sort of doubt that Sir William Harcourt's position has been strengthened in the present Session of Parliament. And we say this while asserting, as we have all along asserted, that none of the Radicals wish to get rid of Lord Rosebery as a titular leader. But Lord Rosebery must now be content to be a mere figure-head, without any considerable influence on affairs. Had he as Prime Minister determined to get rid of Sir William Harcourt, he would have found the matter easy enough; but he missed his opportunity, and while in Opposition he can do nothing but come to heel and obey even unpleasant orders. It is not commonly understood, but it is nevertheless an obvious truth, that the leader in the House of Commons must be master of the situation when his party is out of power. For instance, from 1874 to 1880 Lord Granville was leader of the Opposition, but no one knew or cared about Lord Granville; every one looked to Lord Hartington as the leader of the party, because he led in the House of Commons, where alone a victory could be won.

His colleagues are very angry with Sir Henry Fowler for having put down an amendment to the Indian Budget; the amendment is, of course, of the nature of a vote of censure. The other Liberal leaders contend that though Chitral might, under other circumstances, afford a very pretty bone of contention, it is worse than foolish to provoke a full-dress debate now, when scarcely more than half of the Liberal Members are in London. Even the most thoroughgoing supporters of Sir Henry Fowler's policy of evacuation admit that he will not be able to divide the House on this amendment. It appears that Lord Rosebery supports Sir Henry Fowler in this course of procedure, which every one who knows the House of Commons will stigmatize as a tactical blunder.

Is Sir Henry Fowler so determined to give a reason for the faith that is in him, or did he want to forestall Mr. Philip Stanhope and prevent him from moving his amendment on the cotton duties? There are usually wheels within wheels on such occasions as this.

It was a matter for some surprise that the quarrel inside the Irish Parliamentary Party did not provoke the running of rival candidates in any Irish constituency during the General Election. There is now, however, a rupture of the kind in South Kerry, where the partisans of Mr. Healy and Mr. Dillon will test their relative strength at the polls. The Dillonites being in possession of the machinery of organization, their candidate, a London Irishman named Farrell, has the official stamp; but the rival Healyite convention has made up in determination what it lacks in formality, and it has nominated as candidate Mr. William Murphy of Dublin, the principal railway contractor in Ireland, and a man of ability as well as of large means. The issue of the contest will be awaited with much interest; and if, as is generally expected, Mr. Healy's side wins, the Dillonite Committee of the party will with difficulty keep its head above water during the recess.

The Opposition, who are persistently attacking the Government for not accomplishing in three weeks what their predecessors failed to effect in three years, must have been surprised the other day when, in answer to their gibes, they learned that negotiations are already proceeding with foreign Governments in regard to prison-made goods. This is an evil to which Radicals who express anxiety in behalf of the poor working-man might very well have devoted their attention. But Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith endeavoured to ignore the subject, and it was only pressed upon their attention by the strenuous efforts of the Conservatives. Then a Committee was appointed, which sat for months, came to no conclusion of any value, and was, in short, a complete fiasco. On the other hand, the Unionist Government is no sooner in office than it takes up the question of its own accord. The working-man is not likely to miss the obvious inference.

The Trade Union Congress, which meets at Cardiff on Monday, is likely to have a lively week of it. Storm signals are already up, and the struggle between Individualism, as represented by the Old Unionists, and Socialism, as represented by the New, is likely to be severe. The Parliamentary Committee has revised the standing orders of the Congress in a manner which threatens to deal a further blow at the pretensions of John Burns, Keir Hardie, and Tom Mann, whilst the repudiation of Collectivism as the eleventh law of that great body, the London Society of Compositors, tends to show that the intelligence of the working classes is not in sympathy with the "full steam ahead" section.

Frenchmen, and not alone those of the Deloncle species, are much exercised in mind that Great Britain should have refused to allow herself to be "bluffed" with regard to the eastern bank of the Upper Mekong. The "Journal des Débats" gives a semblance of dignity to their complaint that England, by the occupation of Mongsin, has violated at once the compact of 1893 and the rights of France. Because Great Britain did not wish to claim any special advantages in the provinces of Kiang Hung and Kiang Kheng, in the event of their becoming part of the proposed buffer State, the "Débats" charges her with breaking faith in having insisted on her rights at a time when France showed a disposition to forestall her. France made an attempt to occupy Mongsin; and recent events in Annam, Tunis, and Chantaboon give warning that if France is allowed to occupy what does not belong to her she will never give it up. The "Débats" wants to know by what right Great Britain sends troops to Mongsin. The answer is precisely that given by Frante as an excuse for encroaching on Siam. The eastern portion of Siam was once tributary to Annam. Therefore the masters of Annam decided that it should be theirs. Kiang Hung and Kiang Kheng were tributary to Upper Burmah, and the British claim was based on actualities and not on archæological researches. If the

"Débats" is really ignorant that Mongsin is beyond the sphere of French influence, it should consult the map of the Pavie Mission issued in 1892.

The Porte has justified all its traditions. No sooner are a few British warships sighted on their way to the Bosphorus than Shakir Pasha is despatched with all speed for Armenia. So far so good. But as Shakir Pasha, who is ostensibly the High Commissioner appointed to carry out the reforms proposed by the Powers, is, according to report, invested with full authority, but is under orders to submit his schemes for the sanction of the Porte, we do not see that the Armenian question is much nearer a solution. The Sultan is reported to be much impressed by Lord Salisbury's firmness; that also is good news, and will, we trust, lead to something in the end. But the end is not yet. No guarantee given by any Turkish subject can be accepted by the Powers, and if the Porte has not yet learned this lesson, there is still a good deal of work to be done. Apparently a few ships upon the horizon are the most efficient teachers, and it is well to remember this, as we are growing extremely weary of Turkish procrastination.

The correspondents at Sofia agree in ascribing the action of the Bulgarian Government, in ordering the recruits of 1893 to their homes, to Prince Ferdinand's desire to reassure Turkey, and incidentally lighten his military Budget. The effect of the decree is to reduce the standing army of the little Principality by two-fifths, leaving a force of about 23,000 men in place of 38,000. On the surface this move undoubtedly wears a peaceful and prudent aspect. But Ferdinand is a wily Prince, and his people are queer, not to say mysterious. Suppose it to be true, as the "Novoe Vremya" continues to insist, that Ferdinand has all along been secretly encouraging the marauding bands of adventurers who disturb the peace in Macedonia. The reduction of his army, in this case, would set some 15,000 men, who know more or less of warfare, free to join these skirmishing bandits and force the Macedonian question to the front as an issue of the gravest urgency. At the same time the Prince would be able to answer Turkey's remonstrances with the plea that his forces were inadequate to the task of guarding the entire Turco-Bulgarian frontier. This theory of the Prince's motives may not be the correct one, but it fits much more closely into the habitual, ingrained obliquity of his character than the other. Whenever he announces that he is going to do a certain thing, we may accept the statement as indicating at least the thing that he is not going to do, and thus we arrive at an inkling of his real intention by a process of eliminating all the straightforward and honourable possibilities, one by one, until nothing but chicanery is left. Then the device which is least intelligent from his own point of view is the one he will probably adopt.

The "Chronicle" and the "Pall Mall Gazette" are making what they would call a "little boom" out of the hanging of Mr. Stokes by the Congo Free State officials; and the latter's "Special African Correspondent" goes so far as to reproach us for admitting into these pages so ignorant and uninformed a communication as the letter in our last number signed "East African." Our correspondent is well able to look after himself, but in the meantime we note with some amazement that the "Special African Correspondent" has been informed by Mr. Stanley that "Stokes was selling Winchester and Sniders to the Arab slave-raiders," and that he was captured in the company of the notorious Kibougé. If this is true, Mr. Stokes richly deserved his fate. And Mr. Stanley seems to think so too, for he declared that he felt sorry for Major Lothaire. But, on the other hand, we must not ignore the remonstrances which have been made by the Belgian paper "Le Soir" against the action of Major Lothaire. "Le Soir" challenges the Government to deny that Dr. Michaux, who was attached to the expedition, "protested strongly against Mr. Stokes's execution."

According to the account given by "Le Soir," Dr. Michaux, early in the morning, asked Major Lothaire "where the prisoner was, in order that he might speak with him. Major Lothaire thereupon led the doctor

outside his tent and showed him Stokes's dead body swinging from a bamboo. Dr. Michaux at once expressed his strong disapproval of what had been done, and demanded to be conducted back to Stanley Pool." This story puts a serious face upon the difficulty. Certainly it seems that Mr. Stokes had no fair trial; and, even if he were as guilty as he is made out to be, we cannot allow British subjects to be hanged in this summary fashion. It is hinted broadly that his executioners were anxious to confiscate his valuable store of ivory. In fact, the sooner we get to the bottom of the mystery the better for us and for the Congo Free State.

While we were about it we might have sent our best athletes to America to compete with the members of the New York Athletic Club. There was every prospect of this at one time, but since the original arrangements several competitors have defaulted, and the team which sailed on Tuesday by no means represents the full English strength. Bradley, of course, is the proper person to contest the 100 yards, as he holds the English record of 10 seconds; with him is associated Downer, who has for three years in succession won the Scottish championship. Fitzherbert, too, may be trusted to run well for the quarter-mile, as only last month he beat Bredin, the holder of the championship, with the time of 49 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. But Bredin himself, who holds the half-mile championship, his best being 1 minute 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, is not included in the team, and Horan, of Cambridge University, takes his place. Bacon, too, who not only holds the English but the world's record for the mile—namely, 4 minutes 17 seconds—is absent. What is the meaning, also, of the selection of R. Williams and B. B. Johnstone for the high jump? They are not, to the best of our belief, even "six-foot men." Yet only a few days ago John Ryan, the champion, cleared 6 feet 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches in Ireland, but his name is not among the team. Williams and Johnstone will have to compete against men holding better records than themselves. Godfrey Shaw for the hurdles is as good a selection as may be, seeing that he holds the championship. But it is a pity that the team is not more representative.

We were compelled last week to correct the "Spectator," and to disclose incidentally its ignorance of current politics. We had to acknowledge reluctantly that Mr. Henley's epithet, "the egregious 'Spectator,'" was well deserved. But we never imagined that we should be called upon to speak of it as the prevaricating "Spectator," the dishonest "Spectator." And yet last week it managed to earn what it would call general moral reprobation. It tried to correct the error we pointed out, and this is how it did it: "By a slip of the pen we spoke (*sic*) last week of Mr. Thomas Ellis, the Gladstonian Whip, as Mr. John Ellis—a very different politician." No, my dear Mr. Townsend, there was no slip of the pen and consequent impediment in your speech. You did *not* speak of Mr. Thomas Ellis, the Gladstonian Whip, as Mr. John Ellis; but of Mr. John Ellis as the Gladstonian Whip—a very different proceeding, and one that cannot be explained save by crass ignorance.

We will give your words: "Mr. John Ellis, the Gladstonian Whip, seconded the motion (to elect Mr. Gully as Speaker) in very dignified and appropriate language," and so forth. Now it *was* Mr. John Ellis, the Radical, who seconded the motion, and your error was to speak of this Mr. John Edward Ellis as the Gladstonian Whip. The very slightest knowledge of the procedure of the House of Commons would have saved you from such a blunder. A mere tiro in British politics knows that Whips, by immemorial custom, speak as rarely as possible in the House, and never unless their own personal conduct is called in question. The Whips, in fact, have to play the part of good little boys, to be always seen and never heard; but you did not know this, Mr. Townsend, and so blundered grotesquely. And then to cover your blunder you invented the taradiddle which we have nailed to the counter. Now, will the "unco guid" confess, or try by further taradiddles to creep out, or pass the matter over in the silence that is devoid of dignity?

Every one is asking what the King of the Belgians is about to do. He is said to be very hard-up, and he has certainly sold his property in the Ardennes. His subjects, it appears, will not give him a million sterling for the Congo Free State, and as he has spent more than £100,000 upon it he naturally feels that he is being treated disgracefully. It is rumoured that he is now negotiating with the French, who would willingly give him two millions, or even more, for Congoland, and the fuss we are kicking up about the execution of Stokes may very well induce him to conclude a bargain with M. Hanotaux. The King was in London a fortnight ago, in the strictest *incognito*, which, since our Court avoids costly receptions, is the only way in which friendly monarchs can visit us.

There has been an unpleasant report going about lately that the credit of Colonel Kelly's great march is not really due to him but to his subalterns, who made him advance when he would otherwise not have done so. Colonel Kelly, unfortunately, is a very unpopular man, and his relations with the officers under him were far from cordial. It is all the more necessary, therefore, to accept rumours of this kind with a great deal of caution. Colonel Kelly's force had to advance through a terrible country, with great difficulty of obtaining supplies, and against an enemy in vastly superior numbers. The whole of the responsibility rested upon him, and if he had gone forward and had met with a severe reverse, he, and not his subordinates, would have had to bear the blame. It is not therefore to be wondered at if he hesitated more than they did before deciding to advance.

It is much to be regretted that cavilling of this kind should tarnish the glory of one of the most magnificent marches ever made. There was a great fuss made in India about the taking of the Malakand Pass; it was talked of as if it were another Malakoff. But General Low had under him a force of fourteen thousand men, armed with screw guns, Maxims, and Lee-Metfords. He had a huge provision train, too, and was opposed by an enemy greatly inferior in numbers. Colonel Kelly, on the other hand, had with him only two guns, not of the most recent pattern. He had to march more than two hundred miles from his base, over a mountain pass 12,000 feet in height, against an enemy three times as numerous as his own force, and worst of all, his provisions were of the scantiest. At one time, as he himself has since said, "he was practically marching into starvation." Under the circumstances the passage of the Shandur Pass was a memorable achievement, and Colonel Kelly deserves the credit of having made it.

Sir Henry Blake is certainly the spoilt child of the Colonial Office, for he is about to be translated from Jamaica to Ceylon, which is unquestionably the best Governorship at Mr. Chamberlain's disposal. The fact that Sir Henry gets all the best appointments proves how few really able men there are in the Colonial service, for he has nothing to recommend him but a pleasant Irish manner and the fact that his wife is the sister of the Duchess of St. Albans. It has been stated that Sir Henry Blake has been a great success at Jamaica, but this is hardly correct, for the entertainments at Government House are anything but popular. The fact is that Sir Henry is one of those men who drink nothing but lemonade, and who hurry through their meals in twenty minutes. Such men never really care what their guests eat and drink; and as Lady Blake cares for nobody but her husband, a dinner with the Governor is looked on more as a duty than as a pleasure. These frugal habits may be very praiseworthy in a private individual, but they don't do in a Colonial Governor, whose business it is to entertain, and who is given money for that purpose. Least of all will this sort of thing go down in Ceylon, where the tea-planters are inclined to be festive, and adored Sir William Gregory, amongst other reasons because he gave them good champagne at his dinners and balls. The Governor of Ceylon gets nearly Rs. 100,000 a year, and has three residences—at Colombo, at Kandy, and in the hills.

THE EXPANSION OF TRADE.

PERHAPS the most important announcement in the published programme of the Government is Mr. Chamberlain's undertaking to promote the interests of trade in our various colonies. In his speech at the Birmingham dinner shortly after the General Election he put this in the forefront of his official duties, and he has several times repeated his declaration. To the deputation interested in West African trade which waited upon him the other day, he expressly laid down the general lines of his policy. England is to be asked to spend money in developing the latent resources of Crown colonies, with the double object of furthering the welfare of the colonies and of opening fresh markets for English trade. Mr. Chamberlain compared the British Empire to the Roman, and more than hinted that, whereas the Romans had left "traces of their passage and their civilization in the form of admirable public works" wherever they went, the English have neglected their duty in their manifold possessions. The circumstances of the two Empires are not very similar. England, indeed, resembles, in some respects, Carthage—the great trading Power of ancient times—rather than Rome. And the colonies of England are not quite identical with the colonies of Rome, which, in the main, served as important military stations. But, all the same, there is a good deal of force in Mr. Chamberlain's comparison. The policy which he is advocating is rightly described as "a new policy" and even as "a great policy." Twenty years ago no one could have believed that a Secretary of State would ever be found to urge the subsidizing of Crown colonies by the Treasury. It is a remarkable sign of the change which has passed over the Colonial Office that Mr. Chamberlain is now doing so. The pendulum which once swung so far in another direction that cries of "cut the painter" filled the air, has slowly swung to the opposite extreme. So far from desiring to shake off our colonies we cling closer to them, and fill our papers with an abundance of news about them. Our present point of view is sound because it is full of common sense. Mr. Chamberlain considers that to stimulate trade in this fashion would mean securing plenty of employment for the workers of this country, and goes so far as to say that he sees in such a development the only solution of "those social problems by which we are surrounded." And he has already made a start, as his reply to the West African deputation proved.

Our possessions upon the Gold Coast have a very bad name, entirely owing to their unhealthy climate. They are important properties for all that, and are more thickly peopled than any other parts of the African Continent. Moreover, in the *Hinterland* are vast areas which with some expense and trouble might easily be utilized for purposes of trade. If there were proper means of transit in the country, all the trade of an enormous region, now barely touched, would go towards Lagos. Railways are the great need in such places, and Mr. Chamberlain tells us that the Lagos railway is practically begun; that is to say, the building of bridges has been authorized, and the railways will be pushed on as soon as the survey is complete. The Gold Coast railway, too, has been surveyed, and awaits only the fixing of a starting-point; while in Sierra Leone 150 miles have been surveyed. Plainly, the Gold Coast is in luck. But the Colonial Secretary, we understand, has no intention of confining his enterprise to the Gold Coast; other Crown colonies are to receive similar attention. It is obvious that the self-governing colonies will not enter into this scheme. We cannot offer to build railways in Victoria or New South Wales, though, no doubt, the offer would be accepted with alacrity. But even so, there is plenty of work for the Colonial Office. We take it, for example, that the new policy contemplates a future for British East Africa, and that the rich territory of Uganda will not be treated with the indifference and vacillation which were shown by Lord Rosebery's Government. We shall be sorry, however, if Mr. Chamberlain's zeal stops here. The relations between the self-governing colonies and the mother-country are by no means fixed beyond change. The Colonial Secretary has been credited with the resolve to

visit the Cape in the autumn, and it is said that he will endeavour to effect a commercial union in South Africa. Certainly that would be an admirable service to the Empire, since it is not too much to say it would be the first step towards an Imperial *Zollverein*. If free-trade within the Empire is a dream, some form of *Zollverein* is by no means chimerical. Differential duties which would favour English goods as against foreign goods would meet with little opposition in our colonies. We can give a *quid pro quo*; and now that we have a Government which is not tied to the skirts of a fanatical Cobdenism, there should be no difficulty in arranging the terms of the bargain. At present the high protective tariffs of Canada, Victoria, and several of our other colonies are a serious drawback to our trade. Why should we not come to some arrangement? The colonies want favours from us. At the present moment they are asking, as they have asked from time to time for the last ten years, that trust funds may be invested in Colonial Government securities. There is no reason why Colonial Stocks which are amply guaranteed at three or four per cent by the great Crown lands of the colonies, if by nothing else, should not be used as trust funds. Now, too, the Federation question is to the front in Australia, and Victoria is anxious to pass an Enabling Bill. The time is ripe for a better understanding with the colonies, and Mr. Chamberlain, with his keen business instincts and his large experience, is the man to effect it.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER SEDAN.

FEW people could have imagined, when the Treaty of Frankfurt was signed in May 1871, that France and Germany would keep the peace for a quarter of a century. On all sides it was taken for granted that it was only a truce which had been arranged, and that the French would never rest, or turn their thoughts for a moment to anything else, until they had avenged the catastrophes and humiliations of 1870-1, and regained the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. This was, indeed, what the French pledged themselves to do, and what the Germans universally expected they would attempt to do. Yet twenty-five years have gone by, and men in both lands are serving with the colours who were not born when Gravelotte was fought, and still no shot has been fired.

During all this time Europe has been forced incessantly to take account of the standing quarrel between the two great Powers. The knowledge that France would fly at Germany's throat as soon as it seemed safe to do so has been a permanent factor in all international bargainings and controversies; the terror that some untoward accident might precipitate the always threatened conflict, even against the desires and best judgment of the combatants, has never ceased to haunt the imaginations of men. If this prolonged anxiety has strained the nerves of onlookers, what must have been the tension upon the peoples directly concerned! Statistics afford some slight conception of the material burdens which they have been forced to bear. When the war ended, for instance, the Germans had 570,000 troops of all arms on French territory. To-day the peace footing of the regular French army, without counting *gendarmerie* or any reserves, actually exceeds by 30,000 that total muster of the Germans at the time of their triumph. The present standing army of the German Empire, being formed on the theory of a defensive force, is a trifle smaller. It has only 585,000 men under arms. These figures are too vast to convey realities to the mind. The fact may be made a little clearer by saying that the French and German peoples together have now some eight hundred thousand more professional fighting men in active service than they found it necessary to maintain before the war of 1870. Yet this, too, fails to give an adequate idea of the tremendous sacrifices which both nations have been compelled to make, year after year, throughout this weary quarter of a century.

The celebration of the anniversaries of battles, which began with the present month, will end, it is understood, with the culminating commemoration of Sedan on the first and second days of September. The French made heroic efforts to retrieve their disasters after Sedan, and it will be left for them to recall their struggles in solemn

masses for the dead. The ostentatious Jubilee of the German victors comes to a close with Sedan—and it is well that it does. It is true that the proceedings of the past month, though they involved a good deal of crossing and recrossing the frontier by bands of veterans intent upon decorating graves and revisiting battlefields, have not been marked by any specially unpleasant incidents. But they could not fail to excite a spirit of exasperation, and stir bitter memories on both sides, and it is good news that we are approaching the end of them.

Side by side with the memories of the past, to which the month has been consecrated, there must have risen in many thoughtful minds some pertinent reflections and questions concerning the future. Despite all the omens, peace has been preserved for twenty-five years. The Republic has toiled during that whole period to make France the military equal of her Eastern neighbour and foe. To what extent the effort has been successful we do not know. There is no means of knowing apart from the actual trial by combat. But step by step, as the one country has augmented its strength the other has added fresh legions to its host. No disparity of martial power has been permitted in their endeavours to pile up armaments and war-material and swell the ranks of their respective forces. And in this rivalry of murderous preparation, a point was long ago reached where the odds are increasingly against France. The preponderance of population is now fully twelve millions in favour of Germany, and it grows steadily larger as the years go by. Between 1886 and 1891 France added 120,000 to its population; the German Empire added 2,570,000. Each succeeding decade puts to the credit of the Germans a couple of new army corps by the mere excess of births over deaths, and France has nothing whatever to set against it. Moreover, in these later years Germany is extending its markets all over the world, and is supplying them by an industrial development which is one of the remarkable things of our time. The Germans are no longer the poverty-stricken folk they were in 1870. They are making money, and saving it, and Berlin has come to be a great financial centre and power on the Continent. The modern German Empire is not only as busy and prosperous as its neighbours in civil pursuits, but it has perhaps the most effective governmental machinery enjoyed by any nation on earth. The large superiority of German over French railway methods and appliances played a considerable part in the tragedy of 1870-1. This superiority now is almost pathetic. The 28,000 miles of German railways, with their score of magnificent new military stations, through which regiments may be passed all day long as if they were on parade-ground, are practically all in the hands of the State. The exceptions amount to less than 3000 miles. In France there are no new stations adapted to military purposes, nor any marked improvements upon the system under the Second Empire, and of the total length of 22,000 miles the State owns but 1600 miles. So examples might be multiplied of the material advantages which an increasing population, a notable industrial and commercial expansion, and a very capable administrative organization bring to Germany more and more surely as time goes on.

Men's minds are affected by anniversaries, and by the marking-off of fixed periods of time. A quarter of a century has a value and a meaning which do not attach to twenty-four years or twenty-six. This jubilee of Sedan; for example, is especially calculated to excite reflection. The cult of *la revanche* has prevailed in France for twenty-five years; no responsible politician has dared to disavow it, or to suggest its abandonment. To use Jules Ferry's words: France during all that time has kept, or professed to keep, her eyes upon Alsace-Lorraine, like a terrier sitting and watching a hole in the ground. This posture is heroic, no doubt, but with the lapse of years it has become forced and smacks of hypocrisy. Though French people and French statesmen agree to maintain the attitude, they have lost the fierce concentration of purpose which originally inspired it. When they went to Tunis in 1881, and embroiled themselves in Tonquin three years later, they took the first steps toward an act of amnesty for the events of 1870-1. Their present campaign in Madagascar, and the many

complications in Asia and Africa incidental to their new ideal of a Colonial empire, are further steps in the same direction. Though no statute of limitations governs blood-feuds between peoples, popular common sense takes note of the efflux of time. A quarter of a century of prodigious expenditure and preparation for war finds the two sworn enemies still at peace, and confessedly bored by the terms of their vows to eternal hatred. They are on polite speaking terms, and have even exchanged decorations within the month. If the wise men of the two nations would ask themselves now whether enough has not been sacrificed upon the altar of racial pride and obstinacy, and whether there is not some way of winding-up this over-prolonged and ruinous vendetta in a manner honourable to both parties, it would be a blessing to the whole human race.

BARON BANFFY.

THE Hungarian Premier has the charm of incongruity, if no other. A typical feudal chief, who has ruled a province with a right feudal rod of iron, he is astoundingly out of place and, at the same time, astoundingly successful amid the *gulasch* of Hungarian politics. Just as the Irish, with all their screeching for equality and fraternity, really respect no one devoid of a clean shirt and a clean coat-of-arms, so the immodest Magyars, blatantly democratic from the outer aspect, have many lucid intervals at home. They like their Banffy because he will stand no nonsense from them or from anybody else. Dr. Wekerle, the Hungarian Healy, used to take the same tone without possessing the same authority, and the result was that, while other young men idolized him for a while, he soon had to go to the wall. As for Baron Banffy, they talked of starting a new Hungarian dynasty with him in 1848, though he was then but one lustrum in age, and their present toleration of his premiership is a tribute rather to his name and character than to his views. The latter are altogether on the side of authority, which has been at a discount in Hungary from time immemorial. Of course he was obliged to vote for civil marriage, but he saved his conscience by reflecting that it was as a patriotic noperity man, not for the mere vexing of his Sovereign.

One main clue to his popularity is his rugged, ingrained stubbornness, unusually developed in him even for a Magyar. To look at, he is a typical British M.F.H.—J.P. And his point of view, his manners, his locutions bear out the resemblance, with perhaps just a dash of half-pay officer to strengthen the flavour of the mixture. He is slow to receive new impressions, but, once admitted, they are inexpugnable. He is a man of prejudice rather than conviction, but he prejudices with a Cadi's sense of summary justice. His notions of diplomacy would be scouted by a savage or a school-girl. Give him a momentous Cabinet secret and he will blurt it out to the first newspaper man he meets without the least suspicion of impropriety. The Agliardi incident is a case in point. Indeed, every social convention is regarded by him with Olympian contempt. It is not long since he startled society by marrying a village schoolma'am, and—more startling still—he has succeeded, by sheer persevering obstinacy, in foisting her upon every one, except, of course, his own family. She has even made her way to Court, or will when Court comes to Budapest, all Mede and Persian rules about sixteen descents to the contrary notwithstanding. Scarcely another man in the world could thus have triumphed over prejudices so completely part and parcel of the national sentiment. As usual, his methods were of the simplest. He simply began by taking everything for granted, and then, quietly, naturally, he stuck to his guns until every caviller insensibly came round to his side. His tenure of the premiership has been a similar triumph of sitting tight. At the outset he was proclaimed on all hands a mere stop-gap, an interval between the wishes of the Crown and those of the People. But the weeks have stretched themselves out into months, and he shows signs almost of permanency.

Besides obstinacy and a pedigree he has no great qualities. His speeches scarcely rise to the level of average hunt-dinner oratory; his ignorance is of a country gentleman's full crassness, and he would only not exclaim at the idea of Cape Breton proving an

island because the name would be entirely new to him; he has neither tact, discretion, imagination, foresight, nor indeed any of the qualities usually expected in a statesman. But he is as indifferent to abuse or criticism as ever Mr. Arthur Balfour was at the Irish Office, and no one has dreamed of disputing his integrity. Which latter is sufficiently rare in a Continental politician to command respect, if not enthusiasm.

SHOULD WE KEEP CHITRAL?

BY ONE WHO WAS WITH THE EXPEDITION.

"I WAS crucified on a ledge of rock, with my outstretched arms grasping a point of rock on either side of me, and a servant holding on to each ankle; and this," the speaker added, "is where the Russian army will have to cross." Such was the picturesque account given to the writer the other day in Chitral of the difficulties of the Killick Pass, and the description would apply equally well to the other passes over the Hindu Khush, for they are all almost equally difficult. It puts tersely the whole argument against our recent acquisitions in the Hindu Khush—a range so vast and with passes of such extreme difficulty that though practicable enough for the inhabitants, or for skilled mountaineers, there is no probability that large bodies of troops will ever attempt to come over them. It must be borne in mind that the road traversed by Colonel Kelly in his magnificent march is nothing like so bad as the roads over which the Russians will have to bring their army. Colonel Kelly, too, had only a small force of six hundred men to provision, and a wonderfully organized system of transport connecting him with his base of supplies. The Russians, if they advanced, would have to do so in strength. It was not thought prudent to send a smaller force than fourteen thousand men through the comparatively easy countries of Swat and Bajour—with the base of operations only a hundred and sixty miles distant—and the Russians would certainly require an infinitely larger force than that, and their difficulties both for transport and supplies would be insuperable. No one who has not seen guns being brought along a Chitral road has any idea of the labour as well as the difficulty of it. The mules have to be constantly unloaded, and the guns carried by the men across precipitous "passes," and often it takes one battery more than an hour to do half a mile of road. The mules have also to be unloaded and led across the rickety bridges one by one, and the guns have to be hauled across by ropes. When No. 1 Kashmir Mountain Battery was returning to Gilgit from Chitral the bridge below Mastij was being crossed in this way. It suddenly gave way, precipitating the pony and syce who were on it at the time into the river. There was fortunately another bridge not far off, but it was so shaky that only the Sepoys and coolies were able to cross upon it, the mules having to swim. It must be remembered that for the Russians it would not be a question of a thirty-six hours' effort, as in Gourko's passage of the Balkans, but a long and tiresome march of many months. It is a pity that we ever interfered in the affairs of Chitral at all, or helped Nizam-ul-Mulk to drive out Sher Afzul in 1892. We have planted ourselves upon a people who do not want us, and who do not at present like us. We have crushed and driven into exile the man best qualified to be Mehtar, and whom the Chitralis themselves wished to have—and with very doubtful advantage, if not with actual detriment, to ourselves. We have already had to expend vast sums of money at a time when the Indian exchequer is almost empty; and, worse still, have involved ourselves in the necessity for constant further expenditure, and in the danger of continual similar expeditions; for it is absurd to suppose that we can stay where we are, unmolested and unmolesting, right in the middle of the most fanatical of the Pathan tribes—the Darelis and Tongiris, and all the dwellers in Yagistan—the Boners, the Mohmands, the Utman Kheyls, and a host of others. It is not to be expected that these will refrain from attacking our convoys as they go up and down the long line of communication between Mardan and Chitral; reprisals and punitive expeditions into the territories of the aggressors will become necessary. Moreover, there is the temptingly unknown land of Kafiristan lying

along the border of Chitral. At present Sir George Robertson is the only man who has really penetrated into it, or who knows anything of the customs of the people. He lived alone in the heart of the country for more than eight months, and his report, which the Government of India are about to publish for general information, will be of the most fascinating interest. It is asserted, and with a great show of reason, that Alexander the Great came down from Balkh to India through Kafiristan, and it is quite possible that when the country is explored practicable passes may be discovered leading from it into Badakshan. In that case the point of greatest strategic value in the line of our frontier defence, which has now been shifted from Gilgit to Chitral, may possibly be shifted still further westward to Kafiristan, and we may, and probably shall be, involved in the acquisition of that country as well. To those to whom the forward policy does not commend itself it may seem to be a matter for regret that the Government have decided to retain Chitral at all; but if it is to be retained, there could certainly be no better man to send there than Sir George Robertson. He understands the natives thoroughly. He is firm with them, and at the same time considerate, and being a brave man himself, he has a generous sympathy for a brave though defeated foe. In the short period of three years he has converted the people of Hunza-Nagar from bitter enemies into loyal allies, who rendered us splendid service in our recent emergency. He has made them prosperous and contented, and may be trusted to bring about the same happy result in Chitral. Indeed, so far as the Chitrali people are concerned, they are sincerely to be congratulated on the change in their fortunes. They will be much better off, and much safer in life and limb and property, than they ever were under their tyrannical chieftains; for where we acquire power we use it justly. The chiefs may chafe at the restrictions we place upon them, but the condition of the people is always vastly improved. The writer came across a man in Yasin, who told him that the Yasin people were much happier and more prosperous in every way since the English had come there. "The Rajahs," he said, "are no longer permitted to carry off our wives and daughters at their pleasure, or to take from us our cattle or our crops." He was a man met casually on the roadside, and who had no object for saying anything but what he really felt. Professor Darmesteter has translated a Pathan ballad which shows the same feeling. One of the verses runs thus: "Les Çahibs ont la même loi et pour le faible et pour le fort. Grande est leur justice et leur équité. . . . Ils ne font pas dans un procès différence du faible et du fort. L'homme d'honneur ils le traitent avec honneur. Ils ne protègent pas le bandit, le coquin, le joueur; naturellement ils exercent la royauté."

There is no doubt whatever that the Chitralis will ultimately be happier. The question is whether the Government of India can afford so expensive an extension of their philanthropy. They have spent a great deal of money already. They will spend a great deal more; and they will obtain very little return for it, for the Russians are not likely to give them cause to justify their expenditure by venturing into a sterile wilderness of mountains utterly incapable of furnishing them with supplies. It has been repeatedly urged that the breechloader has altered the whole aspect of hill warfare; but the breechloader has not caused grain to grow on the mountains of the Hindu Kush, or lessened in any way the difficulty of conveying across them not only troops but supplies.

"I WAS AN INTERPRETER ONCE."

(A TRUE STORY.)

IT was in the entrance hall of the Hotel de Roma at Madrid. I had come downstairs to see if I could get an interpreter or competent guide to accompany my wife to the Museum of the Prado, whilst I went off with a Toreador to a rustic wedding. There was a man in the hall who rather puzzled me; he was not well dressed enough for a visitor to the hotel; yet his eye did not seek mine with the servile solicitation which is the mark of the guide tribe in all civilized capitals, nor did he show that dignified indifference to my obvious wants which is, so to say, the livery of the Spaniard in

quest of employment. He was about the middle height, of commonplace appearance. As there was nothing for it but to speak to him, I made up my mind to speak in English: "Good morning."

"Good morning, sir," he answered quietly. His tone encouraged me.

"Do you happen to be an interpreter?" I asked.

"No, I am not an interpreter." There was something subdued, half melancholy, in his tone, but he was a Spaniard; the *r's* betrayed him unmistakably.

"What a bore," I said disconsolately, turning half aside; "Mazzantini will be waiting for me, and I wanted some one to go with my wife to the Museum."

"I shall be happy to accompany Madame," said the Spaniard, "and if Madame cares for paintings she will have emotions in the Prado."

"Thanks; as you are not a guide, I must not trouble you."

"I often go with people to the Prado," he answered a little eagerly.

"But then," I went on with British love of a fact, "you must be either an interpreter or a guide."

"I am not an interpreter," he replied abruptly, his manner almost rude as he turned away.

"Well," I said, feeling my mistake, "at any rate you speak English better than any Spaniard I have met, and I daresay you know more about the pictures than the ordinary guide."

He turned to me, lifting his eyebrows in deprecating pity, and as my wife appeared at the moment I confided her to his charge. When we met before dinner my wife spoke of him. "Such a strange man. So terribly enthusiastic. He bored me to extinction about Velasquez, and seemed quite hurt because I could not appreciate—'las Meniñas,' yes, that was the name—a quite absurd picture. Polite?—Oh yes, for a foreigner and a man in his position!"

After this I met the man frequently, and often talked with him. I found that he knew a good deal about the Spanish school of painting, and especially about Velasquez, Zurbaran, and Goya; but his knowledge was curiously fragmentary. He had evidently divined more than he had read, and his ideas about men and things had grown to have all the weight of facts for his mind. There was, too, a curious mixture of self-assertion and humility about him which I could not account for. I ventured to ask him, one evening, how he had come to learn so much about painting, and especially about Velasquez. He went on twirling a cigarette between his yellow-stained fingers, while his little brown eyes contracted with the effort of thinking. After a pause, he said:

"I was in the Prado every day, and somehow or other the little pictures grew hideous to me and the masterpieces more and more interesting."

"Then you were always a guide and interpreter?" I interrupted.

He turned upon me abruptly in a revolt of conceit.

"Oh yes, Señor, I was an interpreter once. I did not only interpret our language, but the works of our greatest men in the Prado to common people. Oh! yes," he repeated, nodding his head, while a sort of flush came over his sallow cheeks, "I was an interpreter—once."

"But why did you tell me the first evening that you were not an interpreter? And why don't you wear the band on your cap?"

He shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. But I pressed him, and at length he spoke:

"When the visitors found out that I was a real interpreter, they began to recommend me to their friends, and I got constant employment, more than I could do; and as I got money, I became proud. The proprietor let me have a room at the hotel, and . . ."

"One day, out of the season, an English gentleman, called Mr. Ponsonby, came here, and after spending a day in his room, he asked me what there was to do in this dull place, and I took him to the Prado. He was very affable and quick, and liked all I told him. He said I ought to have a great reputation, and when I said I thought I had, he said he did not mean that sort of reputation. I ought to write down what I knew about the painters, and the book would sell, and make me a reputation everywhere. We passed the evening together in

this café; see, at that table. All the next day, too, we spent together; he did not seem to want to be alone, it was so damned dull, he said, without any one to talk to. He always read the English newspapers as soon as they came. Except for that time, I was with him every minute for three days.

"On the fourth morning, about nine o'clock, I was in the hall waiting for him, when suddenly there came up to me my sister's husband's brother's son, the youngest of the family. He was in the police, and had got on. I had known him as a baby, and played with him often; his third name was José, after me. We began to talk. I asked him about the family; they all live in Toledo. And so we passed about ten minutes; then he said to me:

"Are you doing anything now; why do you not go and see them?"

"But I replied: 'Ah, no; I stick to my work. Besides, I have an English gentleman here now, who takes me everywhere with him; such a nice gentleman, a Mr. Ponsonby.'

"Ah," he said, 'is he in the hotel now?'

"I answered proudly: 'He is in the hotel, and I am waiting for him.'

"Ah," he said, 'take me to his room, won't you? I think I have something to tell him—or something for him.' I forget now exactly what he said, but I replied: 'All right, come on.'

"I was sure Mr. Ponsonby would not be angry with me, he was so pleasant, and I, like a vain fool, never paused to think. We went up to the room, and I knocked at the door. Mr. Ponsonby asked sharply: 'Who's there?' and I said:

"It is I, Mr. Ponsonby, your guide, José, who—"

Then we heard him unlocking the door.

"As he opened it I began: 'Mr. Ponsonby, I have brought—'; but before I could finish, my sister's husband's brother's son he step before me, and he put his hand on Mr. Ponsonby's shoulder, saying in English (I did not know he knew a word of it):

"Mr. Ponsonby Pigott, you must come with me."

"I still did not understand, and I was a little angry at being pushed aside, so I stepped forward and asked him:

"What do you mean?" He looked at me with a smile and said: 'Mr. Pigott understands; he is my prisoner.'

"Then I knew, and I say to my sister's husband's brother's son:

"Ha, so you have made me a spy like yourself. You have made me help to give my friend up," and I go on. I was mad with rage, because I felt the guilt in myself; but Mr. Ponsonby Pigott, he did not reproach me. He was a little pale, that was all.

"Motioning towards the alcove where the bed stood, he asked the detective: 'May I go to get my brushes and things?'

"I stepped in front of the young man, and said:

"Certainly, Mr. Ponsonby Pigott, you shall get what you like; he does not dare to disturb you."

"Oh, I was determined to be a fine fool to the end! When he went to the alcove, I turned to my sister's husband's brother's son, and I spat on the floor and said—What did I not say? I have not forgiven him yet.

"All the while I was thinking of what a brute I had been and fool, to be outwitted by a boy. Suddenly there came a click, and—as the detective rushed past me—the bang of a revolver. When we got to the alcove, there he lay, who had been so kind to me—dead.

"Then I knew what I had done, and I turned and went out of the room, and in the hall they all met me, and asked:

"What is the matter, Interpreter?"

"And I took the band on my cap with 'Interpreter' on it, and I tore it off my cap; and I said:

"I am no interpreter, I am a damned fool."

"And I went out crying—"

Yes, I've heard he was a forger and thief; he may have been a bad man; but whatever crimes he committed, at all events he knew when to die . . .

"I was greatly to blame, greatly; I was too self-

sufficient and proud. That is why I will never wear the badge again nor call myself an interpreter. I am not worthy of the name; but if Mr. Pigott had liked me, and trusted me, as I liked him, I would have hidden him away here in Madrid, so that they would never have found him, never. I cannot bear to think of it now, he was so pleasant and kind—"

FRANK HARRIS.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT.

IN a few days the great International Chess Tournament will have come to an end, and it is not too much to say that a more successful affair, from start to finish, never took place. It seems very likely now that a tie for first place may occur, and if by chance or mischance the three leaders in the competition—Lasker, Tschigorin, and Pillsbury—should be even, then the good old town of Hastings would witness a three-cornered fight of surpassing interest. While the first three prizes are, and practically have been for some time, quite assured to the three leaders, on the other hand, no less than nine players—Steinitz, Dr. Tarrasch, Walbrodt, Bardeleben, Schlechter, Pollock, Gunsberg, Mason, and Teichmann—are making heroic efforts to secure the other four places of honour. It seems highly probable that the first three named will be placed, but the combat is so close that the slightest error may allow the others to creep in ahead. Perhaps to those who are interested in the sense in which the world is absorbed in watching a great conflict, mental or physical, rather than to those who are closely connected with the game itself, a brief account of the various players may be welcome.

When the committee of the tournament announced that they were prepared to receive entries they were surprised at the unprecedented number of applicants, no less than thirty-eight players of recognized ability sending in their names. The management, however, deemed it essential to success that the tournament should not last over a month, and they felt obliged to limit the number of competitors to twenty-two, selecting them, after considering their strength as players and the countries they represented. For instance, Italy is for the first time in thirty-three years represented by Vergani, who, while quite the weakest of the players, has yet to his credit the well-won victories over Gunsberg and Schlechter. It is to be hoped that sunny Italy will again take part in great international chess contests, and that the playing ability of her experts will increase thereby. It seems a pity that a country which has produced so many great men in every branch of human endeavour should not be on an equality in regard to chess with the Germans or English. France, too, has done little in the cause of our noble game, the one representative, Janowski, not being a native of France: and the lack of interest taken by Frenchmen in these competitions is also a matter of deep regret. On the other hand, Germany, England, and America, have come forward with several candidates for high honours, and while Russia and Austria have sent but two each, yet their players are among the most feared by their opponents. Russia sends the brilliant Tschigorin, whose powers of combination are known; he is, probably, the most aggressive player of the day, and already certain of one of the leading places, and very likely to rank first; also Schiffers, who although of somewhat lesser strength, had the distinguished honour of winning his individual game with Tschigorin in very brilliant fashion. From Vienna come Marco and Schlechter, both of whom would doubtless have taken much higher rank but for the teachings of the Viennese school, which make them over-cautious; they both naturally play to draw, and only attempt to win when their opponents give the game away. Schlechter has achieved the remarkable number of twelve drawn games out of seventeen.

Out of Germany come Dr. Tarrasch, Walbrodt, Bardeleben, and Mieses. The Nuremberg physician has not been as successful as many of his admirers expected. But it should be borne in mind that he has never played in so strong a tournament before, nor indeed has any one else. Never before have the great four—Lasker, Steinitz, Tschigorin, and Tarrasch—met in tournament. But Tarrasch was unfortunate in starting; owing to

a misunderstanding he lost his first game with Mason by exceeding the time-limit, and in his second game he doubtless underrated his American opponent. Of late, however, he has shown improved form, and will probably take either fourth or fifth place. Of a genial, whole-souled disposition, one cannot be surprised that he has so many friends. Walbrodt is one of the youngest of the players, being barely twenty-three years of age. He is a very small man also, the smallest of all the competitors; a player more prosaic by far than the Nuremberger, but a very accurate player, and very difficult to overcome. Bardeleben started very well in the tournament, but failed to keep up his score after the eighth and ninth rounds, and it looks quite likely that he will not be placed at all. Mieses also started finely, but the pressure of newspaper correspondence seems to have been too much for him. He is a player of great promise, however, and would doubtless have done much better were he not overburdened with business cares. Old England may fairly be proud of her representatives, Blackburne, Bird, Mason, Gunsberg, Tinsley, Burn, Teichmann, and lastly, the world's champion, Lasker. Lasker bids fair to uphold the honour of his adopted country by winning for it the first honours. Some of his games have been of a very high order of chess, and he has all along displayed that element of "deadly accuracy" which has been, perhaps, the most important factor in his career. Blackburne has been a disappointment to native Englishmen; he seems to fail at the critical moment, for after all in chess, as in life, the margin between success and failure is but slight. Bird, the "Grand Old Man" of chess, who is seventy-four years old, has played in almost every important competition since 1851. A most ingenious player, but a trifle unsound, he is apt to win most brilliantly from a stronger player, or to lose to a weaker one, playing at so rapid a rate that he is liable to oversights or misjudgments. Mason is still likely to be a prize-winner, also Gunsberg, but on the whole their play has been below their previous performances. The same might be said of Burn, although the lack of serious practice has told heavily against him. Teichmann is a rising young player, and will doubtless be heard of in the future; he is an accurate and conscientious player, and of great promise. Tinsley probably will not be placed; he has won several fine games, but his persistent adoption of the French defence has been to his disadvantage. A noteworthy theoretical point might here be made—that the four leaders, Tschigorin, Lasker, Pillsbury, and Steinitz, have not, as second players, once adopted the French defence. *Ergo*, it must be against their theories, and therefore highly questionable as affording a satisfactory game to the second player.

In regard to the American players, who has not heard of the great "Bohemian Cæsar" Steinitz, for many years a resident of London, now resident in the United States? For twenty-eight years he upheld in match-play against Anderssen, Zukertort, Tschigorin, Gunsberg, and Blackburne, the proud title of champion of the world, and when forced to lower his colours to a younger man, Lasker, only did so after a gallant struggle. Certainly, as the pioneer in introducing new ideas into the noble game, he will always occupy a prominent page in chess history. Perhaps age is beginning to tell on him, and this may be the reason of his not reaching the highest place in the tournament. But if his actual playing powers do not return to him, his analytical powers remain as great as ever, an unfailing source of enrichment to the literature of chess. He has been called the master of modern chess in opposition to Paul Morphy, and the name is not undeserved. Some have taken pleasure in comparing Paul Morphy and Steinitz to Napoleon and Moltke as opponents of very different kinds of strategy. Like other masters in the past, Morphy never hesitated to sacrifice a piece or even two in developing some brilliant combination of attack, whereas Steinitz was among the first to insist that no advantage should be given to one's opponent unless a positive gain was seen to be the result of it. He has always declared that an infinitesimal advantage if well used is sufficient to win a game, and that it is always better to draw than to lose. So he has erred on the safe side, while Morphy and the others often sacrificed soundness to brilliancy. Albin comes ori-

ginally from Vienna, but intends returning to New York, which for three years past he has made his headquarters. He has played at times very finely, at times very badly. His health has not been very good, which may account for his unfortunate performances. His drawn games with Tschigorin and Lasker, however, may have an important bearing on the final results for the first three places. Pollock may be classed as an American, although playing for Canada. Pollock came originally from Ireland, and is still, I believe, a British subject. In 1889 he crossed the Atlantic and took part in the International Tourney at New York; while not among the prize-winners, he nevertheless won a most remarkable game from Weiss of Vienna (who with Tschigorin divided first and second honours). For this Pollock was awarded the brilliancy-prize. He is the conductor of several chess columns in the States, though latterly he has lived in Montreal. I prefer to leave the task of appreciating Pillsbury to others or to the future.

There is one result of the present tournament which will doubtless be of great interest. The St. Petersburg club is endeavouring to arrange for a meeting of the five or six most prominent masters in the chess world. This event will probably be held towards the close of this year. Tschigorin, Lasker, Steinitz, Tarrasch, and Pillsbury are among those invited. The plan is that each player shall contest three or four games with each of the other players. In case this event does take place, let us hope that chess and chess literature may be thereby enriched.

H. N. PILLSBURY.

FRANCE AND THE ROYAL NIGER COMPANY.

THE return of the holiday season never fails to bring into prominence the rivalries of England and France in Asia and Africa. Siam, the Nile Valley, and Western Africa serve in turn to fill the telegraphic columns of "our own correspondent" at a time when Deputies and Ministers are restoring their energies at health resorts or cultivating their constituencies in the provinces. The *boulevard* theatres being closed, we are treated to a revival of the Mizon affair, on which a definite verdict was given two years ago by public opinion in this country. The extreme section of the French Colonial group, relying, with justifiable confidence, on the shortness of the public memory, has recently presented us with an entirely new picture of M. Mizon, not as he figured during his triumph in Paris in 1892, when he boasted of having "chased the English from their territories," nor as the leader of a force of *tirailleurs* armed with machine-guns and rifles, but as the innocent and injured representative of a peaceful French African trading company, for whom he had purchased £1500 worth of African produce before his twelve months' career was brought to a close by the orders of his own Government and the jealous action of the Royal Niger Company. This seems but a tame sequel to the enthusiastic and semi-official banquets given in 1892 by the municipality of Paris and other public bodies, when Snabou, M. Mizon's negress companion, was presented with a necklace and other marks of public esteem. M. Mizon seems unable, however, to abandon altogether his attitude as the Dupleix of a new African empire, and unwisely reverts to his former statement that he had established a French Protectorate over Muri and Yola. By so doing, he gives away his whole case, as the Anglo-French agreement of 1890 specifically mentions the Sokoto empire, of which Muri and Yola are provinces, as falling within the sphere of the Royal Niger Company as the representative of Great Britain.

It is not necessary to discuss the question whether the system of delegation of imperial rights to chartered companies, as in India, Hudson's Bay, the Niger Basin, South Africa, East Africa, and North Borneo has been advisable or otherwise. This is a question of internal policy which each Power must decide for itself in its own possessions without foreign interference. France has, in the past, adopted this system, and Germany issued such a charter to her East African Company in 1885, immediately after the close of the Berlin Conference. The only relevant considerations in the Mizon affair are that the Royal Niger Company is empowered to administer for Great Britain the regions secured by the Anglo-French agreement of 1890, and that if the Com-

pany was to blame, it was not for exercising that force which every Government must employ, but for permitting a French filibustering party to hold for nearly a year extensive regions over which England had exclusive political influence. It is easy to understand the lukewarmness in his cause with which M. Mizon reproaches the responsible French Ministries of the last two years, and impossible not to sympathize with the difficulties of French Cabinets, divided between respect of international agreements and the outcries of an Anglophobe Press, which misleads the uninformed public by alleging insults to the national flag. But there is no reason to suppose that a majority, or even any considerable minority, of the French nation desires to force an unjust war upon England by aggression on her established rights either in Africa or in Asia; and, after the inevitable interpellation when the French Chamber meets, the Mizon incident may, not improbably, be again forgotten until the bathing season of 1896.

There are, however, more disputable and therefore more troublesome questions open between the two countries on the northern and western frontiers of the British Niger possessions. The 1890 agreement, as explained by Lord Salisbury to the House of Lords on 12 August of that year, dealt with a strip of Africa, 800 miles in width, bounded on the north by the Mediterranean, on the west by the meridian of Say, and on the south and east by the Gulf of Guinea and the meridian of Barua, subject to the Anglo-German agreements of 1885 and 1886. The northern portion of this strip, allotted to French influence, was three times as large as the portion, south of the Say-Barua demarcation line, allotted to Great Britain. The English Prime Minister justified the inequality of this division on the ground that much of the French sphere consisted of "light soil," a statement which aroused the ire of the Opposition Press in Paris against their Government for having concluded such an agreement, but drew from the organs of the party then in power the more reasonable view that, although the rich regions south of the demarcation line would be British, the advance of France down to the Say-Barua line would enable her to draw the commerce of those regions northward to the Mediterranean. But the 1890 agreement, perhaps unavoidably, left the door open for two troublesome disputes.

In the first place, the direct Say-Barua line was to be deflected so as to include in the sphere of the Niger Company any portion of the Sokoto empire which protruded to the north of the direct line. The Niger Company, basing its claims on the written declarations of the Sultan of Sokoto and the statements of Dr. Barth and other well-known German explorers, considers the Sokoto empire to include the important province of Asben, which is described in the standard German maps as "tributary to Sokoto." The settlement of this question was left by the 1890 agreement to a joint Anglo-French commission, which has been sitting ever since without result.

In the next place, the agreement provided that the same Commission should delimit the British and French spheres in the regions lying between the meridian of Say and the French possessions on the Upper Niger, some 500 miles to the west of that meridian. As these regions impinged on French Senegambia, British Sierra Leone, the French Ivory Coast, the British Gold Coast, German Togoland, French Dahomey, British Lagos, and the territories of the Niger Company, it is not surprising that the work of the Commission is not yet completed, nor indeed much advanced. So far as France and the Niger Company are concerned, the dispute in this direction mainly turns on the validity of the treaty concluded in November last by Captain Lugard with the King of Nikki in Borgu. This treaty extends British rights far to the west of the meridian of Say. The controversy on this point in the Press of both countries is too recent to call for remark. But the Niger Company also claims extensive regions north of Borgu and to the west of the meridian of Say, as provinces of Gandu, with which it made treaties in 1885, 1890, and 1894. Probably, with a little goodwill on both sides, some arrangement may be arrived at which will satisfy the ambition of France without undue concessions on the part of England, but the question has lately been complicated by an advance of Germany from her coast

possession of Togoland, which appears incompatible with the wish of France to connect Dahomey with her other African colonies.

In the recent declaration by the French Colonial group, the Niger Company was reproached with having declined to come to an agreement on its northern and western frontiers unless of such a character as should secure the British sphere on the Upper Nile from French expeditions. If this is so, it appears a reasonable condition of making over extensive districts to France, as we do not receive any equivalent in the Niger basin. No doubt, England owes its possessions on the Niger to the Company, but the latter owes to the Imperial Government not only protection from other Powers but also its legal right to develop its territories by enforcing order and administering justice, and it is only proper that it should show its appreciation of these advantages by making its concessions of territory serve the interests of the Empire elsewhere. But the incident serves to show that the quarrel of the French Colonial party is not so much with the Niger Company as with British rights in the valley of the Nile, and that France has designs in that quarter which she will not abandon even to complete and connect her West African empire.

AFRICANUS.

DAYS IN DEVONSHIRE.

TO those who have lingered long enough within the gates of England to learn the flavour of its life and the colour of its earth, each county has an individual character and expression. The majority of them have, it is true, like the majority of their inhabitants, so vague a character that their affinity to the national type becomes thereby more evident than their diversity from it. There are, however, two or three counties which stand out like distinguished guests at a dinner-party. In one sense, of course, "Tout paysage est un état d'âme"; but the soul in these chosen provinces is worth expressing, a living, agile, sub-human soul.

Take Devonshire, for instance, and the realization of its supreme unlikeness to any other district of England will grow upon you. Even on the map its isolation is apparent, with the western sea flowing over its head and under its feet, and but one reluctant side wedded to the British mainland like an unwilling bride to an unloved lord. To the further side Celtic Cornwall clings, an attenuated promontory round whose rocks the sea-breath spends itself, thus preserving to Devon its inland sentiment, and its trees that are like branching emeralds in the sun. Even on the northern and southern coasts the land shows nowhere the influence of the sea. The shadow of its woodlands lies along the shore, and on its steep cliff-sides the golden bloom of corn, spotted irrelevantly with the scarlet of poppies and the burning azure of blue cornflowers, while the note of the fieldfares is heard amid the sullen hissing of the ebb-tide. Further inland, again, the verdure riots with a semi-tropical affluence, and the grass grows as befits a thing that is begotten of the prolific rain and the ardent sun. For in Devon the rain falls as thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa, and as urgently as the tears from Niobe's weeping eyes, a soft impalpable shower that saturates the land with infinite persistence week upon week, day after day, as the damp evenings caused by the continual downpour become merged in night.

Thence come Devon's luxuriance of foliage and the paucity of intelligence peculiar to its peasantry, a variant of the British workman barren alike of wit and of energy. The rain has, in fact, entered into his soul and reduced it to the consistence of pulp, while the body develops into a flabby fatness. Even the sojourner in Devon will scarcely escape the enervating influence of this moist warm air. Before the process of acclimatization he will become acquiescent to the verge of optimism, a somnolent fragment of humanity, incapable either of physical or moral resistance to the existing conditions of life. All asperities of thought, all acute prepossessions, gradually translate themselves into a vacuous indifference under the spell of the balmy atmosphere and the voluptuous colours of the fertile hills. Devonshire is the grave of mental enthusiasms and physical angularities. Its population absorbs moisture and grows fat.

Just beyond the estuary of the Exe to the mouth of the Dart the coast-line wavers into a series of deep undulations. Each of these contains the germ of a fashionable seaside resort, still embryonic like Budleigh, Gallerton, and Dawlish, half-developed like Teignmouth, or decadent like Sidmouth. The most interesting are those which yet remain a kind of cross between a fishing-village and a mundane watering-place. Here the population fluctuates but slightly, being composed rather of permanent residents than visitors. The bulk of these are hampered by limitations of health or of income, or of both—Indian civilians who have returned home to die in the odour of domesticity, retired naval and military officers whose families have grown out of all proportion to their pay, solicitors who have fought their last case, doctors who have pocketed their last fee. Sometimes an artist, attracted to Devon because it has colour that delights and lines that satisfy the uttermost cravings of the heart, will wander to such a little southern bay intent on writing or painting a masterpiece, till the climate undermines his energies and the complexions of its maidens set his vows of celibacy at naught. For it would seem that Devonshire is one of the world love-lands—a love that leads forcibly to the altar, for of this moribund indolent society Mrs. Grundy is a titular divinity, and scandal the only occupation with a zest to it. And the residuum that no man chooses—these mellow into an orotund spinsterhood that organize picnic parties and Dorcas societies, staying the hunger of their hearts with a monthly box from Mudie's.

Yet the traveller who finds himself on the fringe of Devonshire just before the pale corn falls to the sickle may snatch from it a fearful joy. From a spur of the cliff he can look across the bay and count the rows of diminutive houses that creep in procession up the flanks of the hill, some like white band-boxes with lids of gleaming grey slate, and others whose brick walls flush roseate under the fitful watery sunlight. Here and there clusters of clematis glow like a purple stain, while the geranium window-boxes shrink in the distance into quaint underlinings of uncertain colour. Presently, as the daylight wanes, pairs of loving couples begin to ascend the cliff walk and mingle with the shadows of the pine wood, and from the beach below the laughter of children rings through the incessant rustling of the listless waves. Suddenly a bell clashes on the placid air like a shriek of pain calling the fearful to the evening prayer of propitiation. Surely the besetting sin of Devonshire is the sin of omission, of duty shirked, of life loafed through. Now if the gods were to shut the windows of the sky for a little space, even a Devonian might arise to work out his salvation. But down athwart the valley is a mist-wreath, and the dusky air has the quality of damp velvet. Far out at sea a faint light plays over the horizon and ascends the western sky in quivering coloured bars. Yet in spite of the rainbow promise, one is certain beyond all possibility of doubt that it will rain tomorrow and the day after, and the next day and the next.

BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

THE "Journal Intime" of Benjamin Constant, only lately published in its entirety, is one of the most curious and instructive human documents that have been provided for the surprise and enlightenment of the student of souls. "Une des singularités de ma vie," wrote the author of "Adolphe," in a letter to a friend, "c'est d'avoir toujours passé pour l'homme le plus insensible et le plus sec et d'avoir été constamment gouverné et tourmenté par des sentiments indépendants de tout calcul et même destructifs de tous mes intérêts de position, de gloire et de fortune." And, indeed, there was not a single interest, out of the many that occupied his life, which he did not destroy by some inconsequence of action, for no reason in the world, apparently, except some irrational necessity of doing exactly the opposite of what he ought to have done, of what he wanted to do. "Si je savais ce que je veux, je saurais mieux ce que je fais," he wrote, once; and, through all his disturbed and inexplicable existence, he was never able to make up his mind, at least for a sufficient period, as to what he really wanted. Love, political power, and literary fame were

the three main interests of his life; and it was the caprice of his nature, in regard to all three, to build with one hand while he pulled down his own work with the other. How well he knew his own weakness, this Journal shows us on every page. "Heureux," he writes, "qui se replie sur lui-même, qui ne demande point de bonheur, qui vit avec sa pensée et attend la mort sans s'épuiser en vaines tentatives pour adoucir ou embellir sa vie!" He seems always, somewhat unreasonably, to have held out such an ideal before himself, and it was one of his dissatisfactions never to have attained it. He tells us somewhere: "La meilleure qualité que le ciel m'ait donnée, c'est celle de m'amuser de moi-même." But this was precisely what he could never do, in any satisfying measure; at best, it was a very bitter kind of amusement. He fled himself, to find refuge, if he might, among others; like Adolphe, who tells us, in a memorable sentence, "je me reposais, pour ainsi dire, dans l'indifférence des autres, de la fatigue de son amour." But the indifference of others drove him back upon himself; and so, all through life, he found himself tossed to and fro, always irresolute, always feverishly resolved to take some decided step, and, at times, taking it, always at the disastrous moment. "Il faut se décider, agir et se taire," he writes in his Journal, fully conscious that he will never do any of the three. And he wails: "Si dans six mois je ne suis pas hors de tous ces embarras qui, en réalité, n'existent que dans ma tête, je ne suis qu'un imbécile et je ne me donnerai plus la peine de m'écouter."

He was never tired of listening to himself, and the acute interest of this Journal consists in the absolute sincerity of its confessions, and at the same time the scrutinizing self-consciousness of every word that is written down. "Il y a en moi deux personnes," as he truly says, "dont l'une observe l'autre"; and he adds: "Ainsi, dans ce moment, je suis triste, mais si je voulais, je serais, non pas consolé, mais tellement distrait de ma peine qu'elle serait comme nulle." Thus when one who was perhaps his best friend, Mlle. Talma, was dying, he spends day and night by her bedside, overwhelmed with grief; and he writes in his Journal: "J'y étudie la mort." His own conclusion from what he has observed in himself is: "Je ne suis pas tout à fait un être réel." On the contrary, he is very real, with that distressing kind of reality which afflicts the artist, and out of which, after he has duly suffered for it, he creates his art, as Benjamin Constant created "Adolphe." "Adolphe," a masterpiece of psychological narrative, from which the modern novel of analysis may be said to have arisen, is simply a human document, in which Benjamin Constant has told the story of his liaison with Mme. de Staël. Look at the Journal, and you will see how abundantly the man suffered. "Tous les volcans sont moins flamboyants qu'elle"; "rupture décisive": this on one page, and on the next, "Mme. de Staël m'a reconquis." A few pages further on: "Je sens que je passerais pour un monstre si je la quitte; je mourrai si je ne la quitte pas. Je la regrette et je la hais." And the next line tells us that he has returned to her side, "malheureux que je suis!" He suffers because he can neither be entirely absorbed, nor, for one moment, indifferent; that very spirit of analysis, which would seem to throw some doubt on the sincerity of his passion, does but intensify the acuteness with which he feels it. It is like the turning of the sword in a wound. Coldness it certainly is not, though it produces the effect of coldness; selfishness it may be, but is anything more sincere, or more certain to produce its own misery, than just that quality of selfishness common to all exacting lovers? No, Benjamin Constant, as this Journal shows him to us, was a very real being; singularly human in his inconsequences, the fever and exhaustion of his desires, the impossible gifts he asked of Fate, the impossible demands he made upon himself and others. He sums up and typifies the artistic temperament at its acutest point of weakness; the temperament which can neither resist, nor dominate, nor even wholly succumb to, emotion; which is for ever seeking its own hurt, with the persistence almost of mania; which, if it ruins other lives in the pursuit, as is supposed, of artistic purposes, gains at all events no personal satisfaction out of the bargain; except, indeed, when one has

written "Adolphe," the satisfaction of having lived unhappily for more than sixty years, and left behind one a hundred pages that are still read with admiration, sixty years afterwards.

MONEY MATTERS.

THERE was not much business done in the Money Market during the past week; but money was rather less plentiful, owing to the withdrawal of supplies by the banks with a view to the Stock Exchange Settlement and the usual monthly requirements. Loans for a week were commonly arranged at $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent was asked for shorter periods, but at $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent lenders were not so ready to part with their money as last week. Loans for a fortnight, in connection with the Stock Exchange Settlement, were negotiated at $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent; transactions at $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent were not numerous. The discount market was quiet. The rate for three months' paper has varied between $\frac{3}{8}$ and $\frac{11}{16}$ per cent, and for six months' between $\frac{3}{8}$ and $\frac{7}{8}$ per cent; for four months' it has been steady at $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. The value of money is not likely to advance at present, and the increased demand consequent upon the Stock Exchange Settlement did not materially affect the rates. Home Government Securities were steady. Consols closed on Thursday at $107\frac{3}{4}$ to $107\frac{7}{8}$ for money and the account. Indian and Colonial loans have also been firm, in spite of the announcement of the new loan by the Premier of New South Wales. The Bank rate remains unchanged at 2 per cent.

The Settlement interfered to some extent with business on the Stock Exchange, but in spite of this the markets were strong almost without exception. Business was, as in previous weeks, most active in the African market, and the advance in prices was general. The continuation rates, too, were easy. But we view with some apprehension the increasing number of fresh Mining Trusts, the *raison d'être* of which is to support the Mining market and enable Messrs. Robinson, Barnato, and other holders of mining shares to realize their profits. It reminds us very forcibly of the numerous financial trusts created only a few years ago by Mr. Leopold Salomon and others, which had such disastrous results for investors.

Home Railways were strong, and prices generally advanced, chiefly on account of the excellent traffic returns. The Scotch stocks were momentarily affected by the disappointing dividend of the Glasgow and South-Western, but they recovered after the publication of the increased returns of the Caledonian (£17,494) and the North British (£11,709). Among lines that show noteworthy increases in receipts, besides those mentioned, are: Great Western (£11,220), Great Eastern (£9,156), North-Western (£7,004), Great Northern (£6,361), Midland (£5,973), London and Brighton (£5,636), London and South-Western (£5,557), South-Eastern (£2,957), London and Chatham (£2,509), Lancashire and Yorkshire (£2,353), &c. The decreases in traffic returns were few. Altogether the receipts were most encouraging.

American Railways were more actively dealt in than of late, partly because of New York buying, partly because of the E.R.C. reorganization scheme, which was favourably regarded. The gold shipments too have not been so large as it was imagined they would be, and prices have consequently advanced. Canadian Pacific shares were firm, in sympathy with the American market, and were quoted on Thursday at 56 $\frac{3}{8}$. Grand Trunk and Mexican and Argentine stocks were also stronger. In the Foreign market the tone was good. Egyptian Securities and Brazilian and Argentine bonds were in much request. Business was active, too, in the general Mining market. The smaller priced African shares were in good demand. Indian and West Australian shares showed in general an upward tendency. Copper securities were steady. The Silver market was firm, owing to Eastern buying, and bar silver was quoted at about 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ounce.

We have dug up some curious facts in relation to the

Broken Hill Silver Mines, which we think our readers will find interesting. The original £9 shares in Broken Hill have fetched in the open market £1700, and a story is told of a Mr. Cox (who is known, we believe, in the racing world in England) that he once tossed up with a friend whether he should give £100 or £120 for a fourteenth share in this mine. He lost, and, much to his disgust, had to pay the higher price. But in later times his fourteenth share has brought him in something over £7000 a month. We think Mr. Cox would be ready for another such gamble.

The most curious fact, however, about Broken Hill is that in the eight years of its existence it has produced nearly six millions sterling profits to its shareholders, though its whole capital at market prices to-day is not much over two millions. Up to March last the whole of the Rand mines had not made quite 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions profit, while their capital at the present market price is something over 120 millions sterling. There is a difference here which demands explanation.

The announcement that a New South Wales loan is to be put on the London market shortly does not come as a surprise. The amount of the loan, on the other hand, is distinctly surprising. Of the £3,727,000, "all for the redemption of Treasury bills and debentures falling due in 1896," less than £1,000,000, we believe, are intended for paying off the loan due next year. The remainder will be devoted partly to the discharge of debts incurred on account of public works in the immediate past, and partly to the furtherance of public works in the immediate future. New South Wales will thus be adding to her debt, roughly, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling. It was only in October 1893 that she added 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions. This is borrowing with a vengeance for a population of a million and a quarter, whose debt is already nearly £57,000,000—or about £47 per head.

A correspondent writes to say that he has found our advice very useful to him, and that therefore he was glad to see that the projected "rig" in Mozambique Reefs, to which we referred in a recent issue, was an utter fiasco. At the same time, our correspondent would like to know something more about that Company, and he asks "What property has it?" The Mozambique Reefs, Limited, is supposed to be an offshoot of the Premier Concessions of Mozambique, Limited, but whether it possesses any property or not it is really impossible to say. Like several other concerns, the shares of which are being exploited at the present time, the Mozambique Reefs, Limited, did not publish any prospectus and was brought before the public through the medium of an outside share-dealing agency. Our correspondent may rest assured that the Mozambique Reefs Company does not offer any opportunities for safe investment; it originated in a quarter from which a dividend-paying concern has never yet proceeded.

Shareholders in the Harmony Proprietary Company are to be congratulated upon having at last got rid of the Messrs. Mockford. Those astute financiers never exercised anything but an unfavourable influence upon the various companies which they controlled, and in this case they stopped the development of what is said, on good authority, to be a really valuable property. We are informed that the Harmony Proprietary Company is now under entirely different management, is starting upon a new lease of life, and has every prospect of a prosperous future before it.

We have had several more letters in regard to the Royal Military Tournament and the question which a former correspondent raised as to whether any balance-sheet, showing the disposal of the vast sums annually dealt with, has ever been published. We might have expected that the secretary or the treasurer of the Tournament would have forwarded us some information on the subject, but so far we have not received any communication.

Shareholders in the Hit or Miss Proprietary Gold Mines, Limited, which we referred to last week,

will not derive much satisfaction from the fact that legal proceedings have been commenced this week against the vendor to the company, Mr. J. O. Oxley. This gentleman was not only vendor to, but one of the directors of, this company, and, by way of crowning his usefulness, he made a "report" upon the claims to be acquired. This report was included in the prospectus, and it is not surprising that it described, in suitable language, the highly auriferous qualities of the property which Mr. Oxley was so anxious to dispose of.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

THE HETTY GOLD MINE CLIQUE.

In connection with our previous articles under the above heading, we have received the following more or less ambiguous communications:

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

ABINGDON MANSIONS, KENSINGTON, W.
26 August, 1895.

SIR,—In reference to your remarks in your issues of 17th and 24th inst., I beg to say I am not, and never have been, connected with any firm in the city. I never had nor shared any offices at 80 Cornhill. The other addresses given by you were the successive addresses of the Investors' Co-operative Society. With one exception (Baron Liebig's Cocoa Works, brought out by the above Society), I was not connected with nor "responsible" for the promotion of any of the companies named, and have never participated in any profit derived therefrom. Many of them I never heard of and never held a share in.—Your obedient servant,
A. E. ROSS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

55 AND 56 BISHOPSGATE STREET, WITHIN, LONDON.
24 August, 1895.

SIR,—We have seen your remarks in regard to ourselves in this day's edition of your journal, and take the earliest opportunity of saying that you have been grievously misinformed in respect to your statements. In the first place, we may tell you that several of the companies you mention we had nothing to do with, whilst others of them paid good dividends, and their shares commanded a big premium until stress of bad times rendered it impossible to carry them on successfully. In the next place, we beg to say that we have no connection such as you imply with the business of Messrs. H. Halford & Co. As to your statement that we have recently adopted the business of bankers, allow us to inform you that we have for many years been registered bankers, and this you can easily verify by reference to the official returns filed annually at Somerset House. Finally, we ask that you will, in your next impression, give publicity to this disclaimer.—Your obedient servants,
GEO. ROSS & Co.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

70 AND 71 PALMERSTON BUILDINGS,
OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON, E.C.,
29 August, 1895.

SIR,—Our attention having been called to the comments on our firm which appeared in your paper of the 24th inst., we beg to say that although we have transacted business with Messrs. Ross & Co., we have never been connected with that firm, as you suggest. Our business was established more than twenty-five years ago (viz. in 1869), and we believe we may truthfully say has always been conducted upon thoroughly honourable business principles. In support of this, we may mention the fact that we have in our possession upwards of five thousand testimonials received from clients for whom we have carried out profitable transactions, and these letters are (in confidence) open to your inspection if you care to see them. We must request you to do us the justice to insert this letter in your next issue.—We are, yours obediently,
H. HALFORD & Co.

We publish these letters with every desire to be fair; at the same time we must add that, despite these contradictions, we can vouch for the truth, in every particular, of the statements which we made, and we are content to leave those statements to the judgment of our readers.

THE WHITEHEAD AND SULTAN GOLD MINES, LIMITED.

A favourite device of the not too scrupulous promoter is to float an "exploring" company with a high sounding title, and then, a few months after, to bring out, under its ægis, and with a great flourish of trumpets, other promotions, if possible even more indifferent. This is what has happened with regard to the Whitehead and Sultan Gold Mines, Limited. On 6 July, not two months ago, a company called the Gresham Gold Exploring Syndicate, Limited, was floated, and it is this old-established concern, printed in heavy type at the head of the prospectus, which now appeals to the public for subscriptions to the Whitehead and Sultan Gold Mines, Limited. Investors, of course, are unaware that the Gresham Syndicate is an organization of mere mushroom growth, and doubtless they imagine it to be a fine old city corporation; it is none the less a fact, however, that it is not only a very young company, but a company which does not appear to be on too sound a footing. Much the same can be said of its offspring, the Whitehead and Sultan concern, which is capitalized at no less than £150,000, and is formed to acquire two of the "valuable gold mining properties" with which Coolgardie, in West Australia, abounds, according to the company-promoter. There is nothing in the prospectus but the usual stereotyped references to "free" gold, and "visible" gold, which references experience prove to be utterly unreliable. It is said that since the formation of the company a cablegram has been received which states that "there is (*sic*) over 7000 tons of ore in sight" which will yield 4 oz. to the ton; but we know that cablegram—it comes from Coolgardie. The directorate of this company does not inspire us with any confidence; with one exception, the gentlemen are all what we may call West Australian company hacks. The exception is Mr. W. P. Forbes, who has only two of these West Australian ventures to his credit. But Mr. Forbes assists in the direction of several other concerns which exist outside the charmed circle of Coolgardie—notably the Cheque Bank, Limited, the affairs of which do not seem to be in an over-flourishing condition. The Chemists' Co-operative Society, to which we have on several occasions referred, is another. Mr. Forbes is also connected with the Central News, Limited, which we believe we are correct in stating is to some extent responsible for the promotion of this Whitehead and Sultan company. The Central News, Limited, has had some unhappy experiences in regard to the promotion of public companies. The Whitehead Company, the Column Printing Company, the General Phosphate Corporation, and the Sapphire and Ruby Company of Montana, do not exactly add to "the pleasures of memory," but then news agencies have never been successful in dealing with limited liability finance. It is an old saying and a true one, that the cobbler should stick to his last.

RHODESIA CLAIMS, LIMITED.

This company, which is saddled with the very large capital of £275,000, is another of the Matabeleland companies which have emanated from the office of Messrs. Morison & Marshall, of Winchester House, E.C. Since the beginning of July these persons have brought out the following concerns:

Rhodesia, Limited.

Cauca Gold Estates, Limited.

Gwanda (Rhodesia) Consolidated Developing Company, Limited.

Rhodesia Claims, Limited.

We have been accused of prejudice in regard to Matabeleland promotions generally, but we have no prejudice whatever—on the contrary, we have every desire to welcome and encourage honest and legitimate enterprise whether in Rhodesia, or West Australia, or anywhere else. But we must say that we cannot help regarding concerns such as those we have named above with some amount of suspicion. Is it legitimate enterprise when one small firm brings out companies with such enormous capitals at the rate of about one per week? We do not know Messrs. Morison & Marshall; but possibly Mr. Archibald Grove, who is a director of nearly all these companies, and Mr. R. F. Masterton, who is the secretary of every one of them, could give us some information as to their standing.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT.

WE have received several communications in support of the remarks made on the present methods of the Equitable Life Assurance Society in our article of the 10th inst. On the other hand, a long letter has reached us from Mr. H. W. Manly, actuary to the Society, charging us with superficiality, audacity, impudence, interested motives, and we know not what besides. We have not space at our disposal for a lengthy controversy; but we intend to publish Mr. Manly's letter in full in our next issue, and we shall append to it a brief reply, which will, we trust, be satisfactory to every one concerned.

THE EDITOR.

EVENTS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

CAPE COLONY, 4 August, 1895.

SIR,—Mr. Rhodes has performed the expected somersault over, or through, the Scab Act, which I ventured to predict, but whether he has come down on his own feet or on those of Mr. Van den Heever, nobody has the least idea. The political position certainly appears to border on the absurd. The Premier proclaimed, individually, and by deputy, that he intended to stand or fall by the Scab Act as it stood; but when he discovered that a fall was really the alternative, and that the Dutchmen meant business, he hitched up his breeches—an old Kimberley trick of his—and went through that singularly obnoxious specimen of statute law as cheerfully as a clown through a tissue-paper hoop at a circus. And I imagine that nobody, not even he himself, knows quite where he has come out. He has obligingly resolved himself into a Special Committee of One on Scab, and intends to make a tour of the northern districts, where the scab chiefly flourishes, in the course of the coming summer, when, on many farms, dipping will be impossible for want of water. Meanwhile, the Scab Act of 1894 is supposed to be in force, and a proclamation has been issued ordering farmers to proceed to the election of Scab inspectors for their districts. A meeting of farmers was held at Riversdale the other day, when it was unanimously resolved not to appoint inspectors, and some of those present went so far as to promise something very like a murderous reception to any Scab Inspector who might have the temerity to pay them an official visit. How magistrates and their subordinates are to enforce the law, with the Premier careering about the country and encouraging people to break it, it is not quite easy to understand. Mr. Rhodes's action is an interesting development of irresponsible government, and would be amusing if it were not dangerous.

Forty-three Acts represent the work of the session, which came to an end on Saturday, 3 August. Most of them deal with local matters of no general interest outside South Africa. The Railway Extensions Act is an exception, as it was by means of railway vote-snatching, and the extraordinary climb-down on the Scab question, that Mr. Rhodes was able to maintain a majority. Very few people in the colony believe that the lines sanctioned during the late session will ever be built in their entirety; and still fewer are of opinion that they could be worked except at heavy loss. The railway scheme merely brought in the necessary votes, and so served their object. People living in the centres, who fondly expect speedy railway communication as the result of the Act just passed, have been indulging, *more Africano*, in cheap champagne, bonfires, and rockets, while several recalcitrant representatives, who saw through the Premier's little game, and refused to ignore both conscience and common sense, have been burnt in effigy, and one has been called upon to resign—by the editor of an up-country paper.

The Destitute Children's Act represents an attempt to deal with the great question of the poor whites, and is interesting as a new departure in legislation, so far as the colony is concerned. There is work enough in the shape of farm, railway, and other labour for the men, and plenty of domestic service to employ the women, who constitute the poor white—a good deal of it is yellowish—population. This is the only kind of work such people are

capable of doing satisfactorily, since they possess little intelligence and no education whatever. But they are too proud to soil their hands—although they never wash them—with manual labour of any kind; and so they beg and starve and degenerate until they have lost all self-respect, and are a disgrace and a curse to the community and to themselves. If they were English colonists, these good-for-nothing loafers would be forced to work under the Vagrant Act; as they are Dutch Afrianders, they are allowed to become a burden upon any one who, out of mistaken charity, will keep them from starving. It may be that their children are capable of reclamation and elevation; the parents are past hope of being influenced by anything short of sharp coercion.

The Bill for the annexation of Bechuanaland was kept back until nearly the end of the session, and was then raced through the assembly with something like indecent haste. The Opposition showed considerable surprise at the ease with which Mr. Rhodes swallowed Mr. Chamberlain's conditions. It was evident, however, that he did not like them. That was why he said so little, probably. One does not usually descant at length upon the exquisite bouquet of castor-oil before gulping down a dose.

The judgment of the Supreme Court in the case of Sigcau must have been a rude surprise for the high Commissioner, no less than for Mr. Rhodes. The arrest and trial, by secret commission, of the Pondo Chief, were generally looked upon as an extremely high-handed proceeding; but it seems now that it was illegal as well. Mr. Schreiner, as Attorney-General, is responsible for the muddle, of which more will probably be heard, since Sigcau contemplates an action against the Government for heavy damages.

Sir Gordon Sprigg is reported to be thinking of the Collectorship of Customs as an improvement on his uneasy position as Treasurer-General. Several railway accidents have occurred recently, and the Commissioner has been much badgered in consequence, both in Parliament and the Press. The railway war, too, between Port Elizabeth and East London will compel him to take action of some kind to clear his officers from the gross charges brought against them.

The talk of petroleum near Ceres has pretty well died out; and one hears little more of the alleged nitrate deposits in Griqualand West. New gold reefs and diamond discoveries continue to exasperate the incredulous at breakfast time; and some more than usually barefaced swindles in reconstruction—for the benefit of unsuspecting innocents on your side—are reported from the Rand.—Yours faithfully,

T. S.

WHAT MR. STOKES'S RELATIVES SAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 29 August, 1895.

SIR,—The invitation of the "Daily Chronicle" to Mr. Stokes's relatives to supply information regarding him, has been answered by a letter from his brother-in-law, which was published in that journal on Wednesday. The main object of the letter appears to be to show "how much is known of his [Stokes's] affairs by those on his late wife's side." It appears from the letter that Mr. Stokes's wife's relatives know very little about him, and that he was not one of "the most regular correspondents, and did not keep his friends as well informed of his movements, &c., as could have been desired." The brother-in-law wastes no space over sentiment, but goes straight to business. He learns from the newspapers that Mr. Stokes was "the possessor of very considerable wealth," and thinks it "only reasonable to believe that a man of the influence and position held by Mr. Stokes must have had large possessions." The brother-in-law seems to have a suspicion that selling contraband goods to natives is a very paying game. His intervention is based on no vindictive desire for the blood of his brother's murderers; according to the letter, "the important object is to learn how and where it [Mr. Stokes's property] has been invested." As the brother-in-law also states "that it is my express wish that my name or address should not be made public," we can see how deeply grieved he is at this wicked murder, and how proud he is of his deceased relation.—Yours truly,

EAST AFRICAN.

REVIEWS.

ACADEMIC GERMANY—A PUFF.

"The German Universities: their Character and Historical Development." By Friedrich Paulsen, Professor of Philosophy and Pedagogy in the University of Berlin. London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

WHEN the German Government determined to accompany its educational exhibit at the Chicago Exhibition of 1893 by an account of one of its best products—the German University—no better man than Professor Paulsen could have been selected for the preliminary puff-national, and in this case (for the Americans flock to the German academic centres) for the puff-commercial. To the German puff, Professor N. M. Butler of Columbia College has added an American puff. The latter has the advantage of brevity, and is to some extent justified, not only as a counterblast to the German's Chauvinism, but by the real progress at certain American centres during the last decade of the highest type of academic work. Whether *Lehrfreiheit* is quite as fully recognized in the American Universities as Professor Butler claims, may indeed be doubted, having regard to recent events at Chicago. However, our topic for the present is the German Universities and the claims Professor Paulsen makes for them. We do not propose to disparage the excellent academic work and life of Germany. The days of our *Crassfuchsthum* may be far distant, but we are not yet prepared to wholly condemn *Mensur* and *Kneip*. Still less are we forgetful of the many intellectual advantages of Heidelberg over Cambridge, or of Berlin over London. Yet we object to puff in all its forms, and especially demand in international comparisons a judicial historical spirit, which realizes things as they now are.

We believe if Professor Paulsen had taken part in a bumping-race, drawn his dean, broken windows and railings on Guy Fawkes's day, and listened in his spare moments to a Clerk-Maxwell or a Seeley, he would have been better able to balance these advantages with inter-academic drinking bouts, the tearing-up of benches in a *Judenhetze* excited apparently by nothing but the unfortunate nasal appendage of a professorial philosopher, the general disturbance of peaceful citizens and occasional retreat to the *Carcer*, which may or may not have been associated with visits to Helmholtz's laboratory or attendance at Treitschke's *Seminar*. The fact is the spirit of youth is much the same all the world over—excitable, foolish, generous, and plastic—and the teacher is much the same also—inert or enthusiastic, dogmatic or inspiring, pedantic or productive, as his nature or intellectual environment mould him. The mere academic forms, the extent of laboratory and apparatus, the parade of ideal academic theory, have little enough to do with the final influence of the universities on national life. What we want to measure is the capacity of the universities to turn out good citizens, to uphold the reputation of the country for scientific and scholarly work, and to spread general culture over the land through a variety of channels. In none of these respects is Germany at the present day immeasurably better than France or England. The steady, slow decadence in German intellectual life since 1870 is one of the most remarkable features of German military and commercial success, and is, perhaps, partly due to the absorption of brain by army and trade. Be this as it may, the decadence is hardly yet realized by English or French critics. They do not grasp that the era of Helmholtz, Kirchhoff, Bunsen, Virchow, Mommsen, and Ranke has gone or is going; they have not accurately weighed the new literary era, with its Sudermann, Nietzsche, and Max Nordau. They do not know that the science of France and England, if inferior in bulk, is richer in idea and wider in grasp than that of Germany, and that little Norway, with its Ibsen, Kielland, and Garborg, is in literature more than Germany's equal. The power of production, endless production of "research," still belongs to the Germans; but because they can fill magazines, transactions, and proceedings with endless details of observation or minor theory, this does not demonstrate that power of originating, that divine

power of imagination, on which real scientific progress ultimately rests. So much has "research" become a trade—and the evil, alas! is spreading from Germany to England—that the German researcher does not wait to get an idea before observing and collecting. He amasses material all his life, and leaves other nations to make use of it, if they can, for broad generalizations. As a rule nobody can, for only the originator of a scientific idea can effectively collect what is needed to illustrate it. The Germans, little as they grasp it, are largely living on the past; they are using up the ideas and broad generalizations of Darwin and Virchow, Clerk-Maxwell and Helmholtz; there are no new prophets, and, what is worse, the want of them is not realized. In the great research machine of Germany there is scarcely more room for originality than in the great political machine. The men who spread their minds across the boundaries of their own special *Fach*—the chemists who are physicists, the physiologists who are morphologists, the biologists who are mathematicians, the theologians who are philosophers—the men who with a wider grasp use a new motor to drag the overlaid waggon out of its old ruts; the men who wield imagination in science, are not the men whom the German system produces, nor whom its universities delight to honour. What is true of the teacher is true of the taught, and the academically reared German who possesses a sound knowledge of method and a mind fertile in ideas is comparatively scarce.

"The professor of philology, of history, of mathematics, of physics, proceeds entirely upon the assumption that he has before him, in his lectures and exercises, future scholars and professors" (Paulsen, p. 81). This is not the true view of a teacher's function. He ought to consider, in the first place, that he has human beings before him, and not future professors; he has to teach them how to *think*. If he lays down for them a true scientific method, illustrating it from philology, history, mathematics, or physics, then in any future problem, be it of scholarship or practical life, his pupils will grasp the only sure method of solution. It is not a display of minutiae nor suggestion for special research, but an education in the use of the mind that the university must first provide, and, with notable and admirable exceptions, this is not the field in which the German professor most shines. It is not his fault, but the fault of that German academic system, which Professor Paulsen so much overrates and which the majority of Germans are so used to and so proud of, that they are unable to measure its very real faults. The period when we needed to learn from their academic institutions is nearly over. We may still with advantage imitate their generous expenditure on laboratories and museums; we may still compare the International University of Berlin with the pettifogging Examination Board of London, controlled in Convocation by a few semi-cultured busybodies unknown in the wider world of science or literature. But judged by quality, if not by quantity of work, by efficiency of teaching, and influence, social and intellectual, over the taught, the British Universities have little to learn from and something to teach the German. Of course many a teacher, who lives on his knowledge of German, will hold up his hands in astonishment at such a doctrine. But then it took fifteen years to show him what was good in Germany, and it will take another fifteen to demonstrate to him that Germany in literature and science is to-day decadent, thoroughly and hopelessly decadent. So it comes about that Professor Paulsen's book has been more than once reviewed as if it were worth the trouble of cutting.

COUNT TOLSTOY'S GOSPELS.

"The Four Gospels Harmonized and Translated by Leo Tolstoy." Translated into English at the request of the author. Croydon: The Brotherhood Publishing Company. London: Walter Scott. 1895.

THE volume before us is but part the first of Count Tolstoy's commentary on the Gospels; but his method of dealing with his subject is once for all plainly enough set forth in it to justify a criticism of his commentary without waiting for the other two parts; it being impossible in the nature of the case that anything

contained in them should modify seriously our estimate of his position as an exponent of the sacred text.

It goes, of course, without saying that nothing which a man of Count Tolstoy's genius, and power, and sincerity writes, can be other than full of interest and edification. But, in our judgment at all events, by far the most interesting and valuable part of the present volume is the preface, in which the author sets forth with the utmost frankness the history of his religious convictions, the reason which has led him to undertake the task of translating and commenting on the Gospels, and the principles upon which he has gone in carrying it out. "For my own part," he says, "I have completely refrained from touching on the historical signification of the Gospels, and have confined myself entirely to their doctrinal teaching"; and again, "My task is, not to write an historical, a philosophical, or a theological commentary, but to discover the meaning of Christ's teaching." Driven by the stress of life and by the despair which unaided reason induced in him, a despair, he tells us, which tempted him to commit suicide, into examining with intense seriousness "the life of humanity," he was brought to see the necessity of "faith," to believe that "God has revealed His truth to man," and to find this revelation in the life and teaching of Christ as recorded in the Gospels. Putting the matter in this simple way, there is nothing in these statements which would not be said of any man who had been led from unbelief into an acceptance of orthodox Christianity. Count Tolstoy, however, is not merely not orthodox, but he holds orthodoxy, whether one understands by that term the faith of the Catholic Church, or the systematized faith of any settled body of Christians under the sun, to be precisely that which obscures and contradicts revelation, leading men into absurd and immoral ideas, into a habit of deception, indeed, which "for more than eighteen hundred years the Churches have been practising, cheating themselves and others." Count Tolstoy's conscience told him that in the teaching of Christ the secret of life was to be found, and to be found there alone—the teaching of Christ latent in the Gospels. But his experience also came to tell him that for the preservation of this teaching in the world, or for its elucidation, there was no sort of external authority, but that each man must "receive it direct from God, without the interference of any intermediate agent." "If it be God who speaks in these books, He knows the weakness of my understanding, and will speak to me in such a way that His words cannot lead me into error." Absolutely faithful to this principle, Count Tolstoy therefore takes the four Gospels alone out of the entire Bible, and sets himself to gather from them what commends itself to him in their narrative as the pure message of Christ. Such statements or expressions as do not so commend themselves he at once rejects as being no part of that message. Thus, for instance, the reference in St. Matt. i. 22, 23 to Isaiah's prophecy, "Behold, a virgin shall be with child," &c., is spoken of as "in the highest degree far-fetched, and not only failing to support, but actually contradicting, the writer's argument"; while the story of the Marriage at Cana is criticized and rejected as "most instructive as an example of the harm done by accepting the mere letter of the Bible story as inspired revelation. The main incident in itself presents nothing extraordinary or instructive, from whatever point of view we choose to consider it. If we look on it as a miracle, the miracle is meaningless; to consider it a mere trick were to insult Christ; as a picture of daily life, the narrative possesses no value."

It is obvious, then, that here we have the doctrine of private judgment in religion pushed to its furthest limit, naked and unashamed; and it would be idle to take any of Count Tolstoy's interpretations of Holy Scripture or of Christian teaching and to criticize them on the ground of their divergence from the universal exposition of the Church, or from the writings even of the Apostles themselves, because Count Tolstoy has no sort of belief in the authority of the Church, or in the authority of the Apostles and other Scriptural writers, as inspired exponents of Christ's meaning. Very frankly, for instance, he talks about "the false teaching of Paul," and "the ravings of the writer of the 'Apocalypse';" that is to say, he takes the four Gospels, while practi-

cally, and on the whole indeed formally, rejecting all the rest of the Bible, and makes something out of them which approves itself to his intelligence and conscience, and this, and this only, will he allow to be the true picture of Christ and of His doctrine. His method is absolutely arbitrary; in the most unequivocal fashion he makes a religion for himself, taking as its basis no doubt the four Gospels, but taking these as a basis only because certain things in them happen to commend themselves to him as finer than anything else in the world.

One fundamental, fatal objection to such a procedure as this, its extravagant unreasonableness, is readily apparent. The four Gospels, even if we separate them from all the other books of Holy Scripture and pay no heed to these latter, are an historical document; they were written, that is to say, by men at a definite time in the world's history, and have been preserved and handed down to us through the instrumentality of men. If eighteen hundred years afterwards an individual comes along and takes these Gospels in an isolated fashion, apart from all their historical setting, treating them as if they were a document dropped to-day suddenly out of heaven at his feet, and if he consequently interprets them just and merely as his own instinct and judgment dictate, he will, supposing he is an individual of genius, of sincerity, of singular moral uprightness, express many excellent sentiments by the way in the course of his interpretation; but as a serious, consistent criticism and exposition of these Gospels his effort is vitiated by the falsity of his fundamental position towards them. And, if the plain truth is to be spoken, such a criticism and exposition are precisely what we have in this volume by Count Tolstoy.

IN PRAISE OF PHEASANTS.

"The Pheasant." By Rev. H. A. Macpherson, A. J. Stuart-Wortley, and A. Innes Shand. London: Longmans. 1895.

THE Fur and Feather Series was a very happy inspiration of Mr. A. E. T. Watson (its editor) and Messrs. Longman. The Partridge and the Grouse, both very well done, we have already had. The Pheasant, now issued, more than sustains the excellent opening of the series. These monographs, in handy and portable form, packed as they are with every kind of information concerning the natural history, shooting, and cookery of the game selected, are, as aids and references, invaluable to the naturalist, the sportsman, and the *gourmet*. As with all simple inventions, the wonder is we have been able to exist so long without these excellent volumes. They are worth whole libraries of scattered information, and deserve, surely, a place of honour upon the bookshelf or in the gunroom of every shooting man.

Mr. Thorburn's illustrations add greatly to the pleasure of this volume on the pheasant. We doubt if any other artist could convey such absolutely truthful impressions of English wild life. They are exquisitely done, and admirably suggest the woodland and the open air. "Under the Beeches," "Over the Tall Trees," and "Uninvited Guests"—to pick out two or three—are the best game pictures we have seen for a long time.

Mr. Macpherson, as with the former volumes, again undertakes the natural history portion; he has done his work very ably, and the average pheasant-shooter will find here a crowd of facts of which he has hitherto been ignorant. The history of the British pheasant has, indeed, always been rather obscure, even among experts. Mr. Macpherson takes the view, in our opinion the only sensible one, that the pheasant was first introduced into this country by Roman officers, employed on foreign service during the occupation of Britain. The Romans themselves, as well as the Greeks, seem to have procured their pheasants from Asia Minor, and *Phasianus Colchicus*, the pheasant of the Caucasus, thanks to their exertions, flourished in southern Europe long before it reached Britain. It is somewhat curious that the Greeks, at all events, should have taken the trouble to import pheasants from the river Phasis—the Rion of the modern Caucasus—when the birds might apparently

have been procured from the neighbourhood of Mount Olympus and the Saronic Gulf. Professor Giglioli and other authorities consider that the Caucasian pheasant is, and has always been, as much indigenous to south-eastern Europe as to Asia Minor, and Mr. Macpherson tells us that at the present day this pheasant frequents a district at the mouth of the river Drino in Albania, "to which it certainly cannot have been introduced by any human agency." The wild Corsican pheasant is, singularly enough, also a pure-bred *P. Colchicus*, but whether indigenous, or anciently introduced, it is impossible to say.

How many gunners, we wonder, are aware that the old Caucasian pheasant, introduced to Britain by the Romans, remained the only English pheasant until the later years of the eighteenth century, when the ring-necked pheasant of Northern China, or Siberian pheasant (*Phasianus Torquatus*), was first brought to these islands? The fusion of these two species has been singularly and rapidly complete—so complete that it is now almost an impossibility to find in Britain a pure-bred male of the old Roman-English pheasant. Mr. Macpherson's five chapters, "The Pheasant in History," "The Pheasant of the Woodlands," "Freaks and Oddities," "Old World Fowling," and "Poaching in the Nineteenth Century Style," are all full of interest.

It would be hard to find a completer practical authority on "Shooting the Pheasant" than Mr. Stuart-Wortley. His chapters on "How to Show Pheasants"—that is, how to produce them, when ripe, for the gunners' sport in the most scientific manner—on "How to Kill Pheasants," on "Wild-bred and Hand-reared" birds, their "Policy and Protection," and, finally, on "Landscape and Larder," are as interesting to the seasoned hand as they are invaluable to the less expert gunner.

Every keeper and underkeeper ought to read and ponder them well. But we think that in his first chapter, "Prince and Peasant, Peer and Pheasant," the author unduly labours his point. There is little likelihood of pheasant-shooting being abolished in England by clamorous Radicals; there is a likelihood of pheasant preserving being overdone. Mr. Stuart-Wortley has produced a strong brief on behalf of pheasants and pheasant shooters; yet even he finds it impossible to stifle the fact that modern pheasant-shooting is not a wild sport at all, but a pastime, only accessible to the very rich and their friends. It may be granted that to shoot pheasants well on a big day, when the birds are well "shown," a man must be a first-rate performer with the gun. Exactly the same thing may be said of the successful pigeon-shot. The business of pheasant-shooting, with its legions of hand-reared birds, its essential atmosphere of manufacture, and its complete lack of the element of wildness, is nowadays, after all, little higher in the scale of pastimes than pigeon-slaughtering. The partridge and the grouse still afford us some wild sport, the pheasant practically none.

In Mr. Stuart-Wortley's own words "pheasant-shooting is not sport," and for this very reason it never will and never can be popular in the public estimation. It smacks too much of the manufacture of the luxurious rich. On the other hand, it is, as our author points out, "an important industry" which, within reasonable limits, does little harm, employs a certain amount of labour, and causes a good deal of money to circulate in rural England.

Mr. Alexander Innes Shand, in his pleasant and lively chapter on "The Cookery of the Pheasant," has many excellent suggestions which will interest the *viveur*. But we cannot follow him in his predilection for boiled pheasant, even when "bedded on celery and served with celery sauce, with the faintest dash of lemon." After all, the old high-living divines knew best how to eat the pheasant, and even Mr. Shand is constrained to end his discourse with that famous, if invidious, letter from Sydney Smith to Canon Barham (Tom Ingoldsby): "Many thanks, my dear sir, for your kind present of game. If there is a pure and elevated pleasure in this world, it is that of roast pheasant and bread sauce; barn-door fowls for Dissenters, but for the real Churchman, he thirty-nine times articulated clerk, the pheasant, the pheasant."

THE GLOBE-TROTTER ON AFRICA.

"Actual Africa; or, The Coming Continent. A Tour of Exploration." By Frank Vincent. London: William Heinemann. 1895.

THE title of this book draws our attention at the outset to the numerous and fundamental points of resemblance between it and the continent with which it deals. Africa is huge, so is this book. The African jungle is densely packed with weeds and thorns, just as these pages are with barren and trivial facts. Africa is monotonous, wearisome and unarranged, and the author is so enthusiastic over his subject that he has been led to imitate it in these respects. The volume is the diary of a globe-trotter, and we should like to sentence the managing partner of Cook's to read it, as some punishment for his share in its preparation. The volume is described in the title as "a tour of exploration," and it describes a circumnavigation of Africa, with visits to the principal ports and as many branch excursions inland as were possible without getting beyond the range of a dry bed and a good dinner. The tour apparently began at Cook's offices, but the results of the author's exploration of Ludgate Circus and the adjoining mountains are not given. The narrative starts with Tangier; thence the author crossed to Gibraltar. From "Gib" he travelled to Oran by steamer and on to Algiers by rail. The most important discovery made in this city apparently was that the band plays from four till five on Sundays and Thursdays. The author intended to continue overland to Egypt, but the superior attractions of a comfortable steamer triumphed, and he reached Alexandria from Brindisi. In Egypt he saw the Khedive, whom he describes as "dignified and considerate," and "well qualified to preside over the destinies of his country, to attend to the onerous and often delicate duties that have devolved upon him" (p. 146). So much for the author's judgment of character. Mr. Vincent next explored the Nile as far as Wady Halfa, to which he was carried by Cook's steamer and the military railway; to this journey he devotes over sixty pages. From Egypt he went to Mauritius and thence to Zanzibar via Madagascar. He called at Mozambique, the fortifications of which he takes far more seriously than we do. Thence he went on to Natal, where he was so comfortable that he found it difficult to believe that he was in "savage Africa," a remark which it would be safer to repeat in Cape Town than in D'Urban. He went by train to Kimberley, and describes the old diamond pit as "tunnel-shaped," a comparison which is novel, if it is not a misprint for funnel. Thence he went to Cape Town, steamed to Teneriffe, and back to Mossamedes and the Congo. He stayed at Boma, but did not like it, for at the hotel they never gave him "more than four courses" for dinner. He went up to Stanley Pool, and as Major Parminster was starting in a steamer up the Kassai and the Kuilu, he went as a guest. This *was* exploration, but the account of it is disappointingly meagre. From the Congo he returned north along the Guinea coast to the Canaries and thus home to Marseilles.

The book is of a type that fills us with sorrow. The author is obviously a man of means, of education, and of energy. He writes intelligible English; he uses note-books conscientiously and laboriously; and he appears to be an accurate, though untrained observer. But in spite of all this, the book is practically valueless. It is a scrap-book of odd facts; descriptions of Gibraltar, Cape Town, and Cairo, the menu of the Mediterranean steamer, the cost of street improvements in Algiers, the number of boxes in the D'Urban Theatre, and crowds of equally well-known or utterly trivial details, are all jumbled together without any attempt at arrangement. The book has all the vices of a guide-book without any of its uses; for the facts are so ill assorted and buried in such a mass of verbiage that it is useless as a work of reference. The author does not pretend that the book is anything more than a mere record of observation. He calls it "the kinetoscope of the actual as revealed to me by my senses." And as soon as he attempts anything more he comes to grief. He describes a palm as a rare curiosity because it has six heads, and expresses surprise at its apparent healthiness. It was

probably only an ordinary branching palm (*Hyphæne thebaica*), six-headed specimens of which occur by the myriad. He gives the continent a good character for healthiness, and says that the climate is suited for European colonization, except in the coast belt and some of the river valleys. The absence of reference to the literature of the subject would alone be fatal to the value of the book. When he does quote literature, which is very rarely, his selection is not fortunate. In discussing the British quarrel with the Portuguese, the only opinion he quotes on our side is that of Drummond; it is not surprising, therefore, that he fails to understand our position in the matter and severely abuses us for our action. He suggests, in fact, that England should in future change her motto to *Dieu et ma force*.

The book has cost the author a great deal both in time and money, and involved the usual risks of travel. But because the author started untrained and uninstructed, the only result has been to add a bulky volume to the rubbish heap of African literature. When we consider how large is the African vineyard, how few are the labourers who have the opportunity of entering it, we cannot but deem it pitiable that the author's wealth, industry, and capacity have thus run to waste.

LONDON AND THE KINGDOM.

"London and the Kingdom." Vol. III. By Reginald R. Sharpe, D.C.L. London: Longmans. 1895.

THIS is the third and final instalment of Dr. Sharpe's work. If it had been described as materials for the history of London the description would have been most accurate. Dr. Sharpe shows us where he gets his information, and names the documents on which he chiefly relies. For the most part these documents are actually in his charge at the Guildhall, where they are accessible to any properly accredited student. Nor is this all. Dr. Sharpe is probably the best reader of mediæval manuscript now living; and his marvellously accurate eye, coupled with his extensive knowledge of the peculiarities of law Latin, are always available for the assistance of a student. This power can hardly be acquired except by people "to the manner born," and some of our greatest historians have been without it. The City of London is exceedingly fortunate in the preservation of its ancient records, and what may be lacking at the Guildhall is supplied at St. Paul's. It is probable that no other English cathedral contains such documents—so old and so many—as those calendared by Mr. Maxwell Lyte in 1883. We must not forget that the Record Office itself is within the City boundaries, so that London, even apart from the British Museum, may be said to possess a wealth of original manuscript evidence far beyond that of any other ancient city in England. And not only is this the case, but the antiquity of many of the charters must be noticed. In the first volume Dr. Sharpe inserted a facsimile of the charter of William the Conqueror, which is still preserved at the Guildhall; and in the third volume, now before us, we have a writ for a parliamentary election issued in 1296. Several very old records and some from St. Paul's were reproduced by the late Mr. Price, in his otherwise useless book on the Guildhall, and among them is a list of the City wards written shortly after 1100. Dr. Sharpe writes in an eminent business-like style. Nothing is sacrificed to elegance. His facts are left to speak for themselves. It will be easy for any historian of the future to take either the narrative or the list of references and build glittering towers of romantic narrative upon it. One thing is abundantly clear. The history of the revolution, as detailed by Lord Macaulay, must now be put aside as absolutely and, in some cases, wilfully false. For some reason Macaulay hated the City, and his account of the accession of William III., with the share of the citizens of London omitted, can be compared only to Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark. A long article might be founded solely on the discrepancies between the fables of Macaulay and the dry but sterling realities of Dr. Sharpe.

The present volume begins with the rebellion under the Old Pretender. In the next chapter we have an account of "Jenkins' ears" and the war with Spain,

and afterwards with France, and the rise and popularity of the elder Pitt. Blackfriars Bridge was at first called Pitt Bridge, and a plate bearing the inscription is in the Guildhall Museum. "The approach to the bridge was for some years known as Chatham Place." On the accession of George III. a banquet to the young king at Guildhall led to a strong display of party feeling. Bute was hooted and Pitt was cheered. Next came the famous episode of John Wilkes and No. 45: and shortly after, the return of Chatham to power and his long illness. There are full details of the remonstrance under Beckford in 1770. All this portion of Dr. Sharpe's volume is of the highest interest. Beckford's speech to the king or part of it is inscribed on his statue in the Guildhall, yet there are people who say it was never delivered. The array of evidence adduced by Dr. Sharpe is, however, overwhelming. After Beckford's death the Crosby and Oliver case occurred and is very clearly told. The whole story is so involved and the side issues are so numerous that we may safely assert that this is the first time it has been so simply yet so fully detailed. The American rebellion and the king's fatuous treatment of it next occupied the mind of the citizens. Had their advice been followed the United States might still be English colonies. The career of the younger Pitt as it affected London is carefully followed, and a chapter is devoted to Matthew Wood and Queen Caroline. The last chapter is a brief summary of the events which preceded and followed the Reform Bill. A short enumeration of the forests and commons which Londoners owe to the City, ends with a description of the consequences which have ensued through the foolish abolition of the coal and wine dues which we owe to the efforts of the late Mr. Bottomley Firth and some of his doctrinaire and faddist colleagues. The appendix contains a long series of most interesting letters beginning with those from Henry V. which describe the campaign of Agincourt.

THE EXPLORATION OF AUSTRALIA.

"The Exploration of Australia." By Albert F. Calvert. London: George Philip & Son. 1895.

MR. CALVERT'S title-page justifies its name. Dignified is the array of letters which he presses into his service after his name, as though these should plead for his natural fitness to undertake the venture. He is Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, he is Fellow of the Geological Society, Edinburgh, he is Fellow of the Colonial Institute, and though you may not credit it, he is actually Fellow also of the Imperial Institute. Nay, what are we to say when we find him Member of the British Association for the Advancement of Science? After that, surely, criticism should be dumb and humble. Altogether he possesses eleven titles, with a modest "&c." in addition, to qualify him for his work. And as if that were not enough, the styles of fourteen volumes, of which he is the author, bedeck his pages. As all these are concerned with Australia in one form or another, you would imagine that there was never a man able to approach his subject with better qualifications. Unhappily the expectations aroused by these formidable qualifications are not fulfilled. Mr. Calvert declares that in pursuing his investigations he "felt the solid ground of undisputed fact" beneath his feet. That being so, it is a pity that he did not make better use of his knowledge. For the present volume is extremely inadequate, and in no way abreast of its pretensions. The author has made copious extracts from the journals of early explorers, and we are not disposed to doubt that he has been at pains to read them and select the most interesting passages. But his work hardly goes beyond this. If the first chapters of the book are interesting, the credit is due to Bass and Flinders, to Oxley and Sturt, rather than to Mr. Calvert. Still, we are not prepared to depreciate even the quality of patience in research, if only Mr. Calvert had shown it throughout the book. Unfortunately he appears to have wearied of his task very soon, and as we go forward the narrative becomes more and more perfunctory. The ostentatiously large map, especially designed, we are informed, to illustrate the course of exploration, is of little real assistance to the reader. Tracks and routes appear on

it which are not mentioned in the letterpress. The title of the volume is "The Exploration of Australia," and there is nothing to indicate that the contents are less comprehensive than the title. Yet it only carries the history of discovery up to the years 1840-2, ignoring the fact that most of the continent was explored after that date. Out of Mr. Calvert's own map shall he be condemned. What may be thought of a man who offers to the world, as a complete history, a book which ignores the work of fifty important years? Yet most of this work is duly recorded upon the chart which the author has been good enough to compile. No mention whatsoever is made of Leichardt, who in 1845 explored Queensland and the North; of Gregory, who in 1855-8 explored Queensland, the Northern Territory of South Australia, and parts of Western Australia; of Forest, who travelled over unknown regions in Western Australia and the Northern Territory; of Giles, who was the first to penetrate into the central parts of South Australia, and to whom our early knowledge of the interior of Western Australia is due; of Sturt's further discoveries in 1845; of Stuart, of Warburton, of Winnecke, of Kennedy, and, to crown all, of Burke and Wills, who are so famous in the history of Australia as to have given their names to streets, and to have won the distinction of public statues? Surely incompetence could go no further than this. Indeed we cannot avoid the reflection that Mr. Calvert's volume is intended for show rather than for use. No conscientious writer would have foisted such a wretched production upon the public. With the books of reference at his disposal, which we presume Mr. Calvert to have had, a lad in his teens would have achieved better results.

THE PORTSMOUTH ROAD.

"The Portsmouth Road." By Charles G. Harper. London: Chapman & Hall. 1895.

MR. HARPER makes a very good guide. He has his heart in the work for one thing, and for another he has been at great pains to post himself in the records of history. His design, he tells us, is to "treat all the classic roads" as he has treated the Portsmouth Road; that is to say, to write a large fat book about them, packed with pleasant little anecdotes, swarming with memories, and brightened by illustrations of no particular assumption. It is a good road to begin upon, this to Portsmouth. Famous journeys have been made upon it from the days when Portsmouth first rose to prominence as a seaport. Almost from the outset in the Borough it runs through a continuous chain of commons and moors; of these perhaps the most remarkable is Thursday Common, not far from Hindhead, where one might as well be upon the wilderness of a Yorkshire moor—so remote does the world seem. Mr. Harper's method of voyaging is ingenious. He follows in the track of notable men. He takes us down to the seaport in the company of the defeated Admiral Byng, and discourses vehemently by the way on the unjust treatment of that gallant sailor. Never a man that travelled this route since the days of Elizabeth but Mr. Harper will bear him company. Our guide has an affable way with him, perhaps somewhat too facetious and not too elegant; but as he is agreeable and full of reminiscences, we can forgive him much. If we do not like to be told that Queen Elizabeth "put in a day or two" hunting in this park, the fact may be attributed to our over-sensitiveness. One has no right to be offended if one's guide has not a good style, any more than one has a right to grumble that his illustrations are indifferent. Let us rather take it all by the way with the tooting of the horn and the conversation of the driver. The fresh air and the sense of motion suffice for a box-seat.

Mr. Harper has a genuine affection for coaches, and is full of laments that the old days are gone. Yet he is alive to their disadvantages, and remarks that travellers in those times were in need of stout hearts and vigorous constitutions. It was no joke to rumble along for eight hours through all weathers, with the chance of a pistol through the window upon any of the desolate spaces frequented by highwaymen. The modern mingles with the ancient in Mr. Harper's blood in a very curious

fashion. His language is no better than that of "Tit-Bits," but he has a soul for departed glories. The Government of the day which refused for some time to send the mails by train rouses his honest scorn; but as very shortly afterwards we find him commending the new practice of despatching parcels by coach, the inconsistency is a little perplexing. In truth it is probably much more entertaining to go by coach nowadays than it was sixty years since. The revival of coaching is one of the singular features of our immediate epoch. Unhappily, as there is always the competition of railways, a coach-drive now is too costly and too lengthy save for pleasure. There is no coach to Portsmouth, but there are many four-in-hands upon other roads from London; and in America also it has become fashionable to run a coach partly for pleasure and partly for profit. Mr. Harper seems to deplore the cycling craze, which he says ruins the Ripley Road. He says that one Whitsunday no fewer than twenty thousand cyclists passed through Kingston. The statement is given on the authority of a policeman, but we find it incredible all the same. Cycling, however, as Mr. Harper admits, has revived the fortunes of many wayside inns, and has conferred a favour on the country in that respect at any rate. We are informed that between coachmen and cyclists a deadly enmity exists; that the latter are known as cads on castors, and the former as bounders on boxes. We cannot see very much wit in the appellations, nor, indeed, do we see the reason of the hostility. It was the train that killed the coach. "There goes the English aristocracy," said the Duke of Wellington as the first train puffed past him. We doubt if even the English aristocracy would forego the train nowadays.

M. RETTÉ'S NEW VOLUME.

"Trois Dialogues Nocturnes." Par Adolphe Retté. Paris: Léon Vanier. 1895.

M. ADOLPHE RETTÉ, whose book of verses, "L'Archipel en Fleurs," we reviewed not long since, has published a tiny book of prose, entitled "Trois Dialogues Nocturnes," in which we find the same qualities of delicate remoteness and veiled, yet very genuine, emotion, which give value to his poetry. The three dialogues, "Hécate," "Cydalise," and "Mademoiselle Fleur," are three studies in love—"ces dialogues où s'exalte tout cela qui fit tinter farouchement ou joyeusement les grelots de mon âme peut-être trop humaine." They relate, or rather they indicate, three ways of loving, symbolized by the three vague phantoms whose voices seem to come to us across one knows not what "Thulés des brumes." Problems of the sensations, curiosities of the sentiments, they resemble, by their very contrast, those eighteenth-century dialogues in which the subtleties of a certain kind of passion are so cynically and so exquisitely rendered. This art of the nineteenth century, little as it intends to be on the side of morality, has, in its most sensual abandonment, a certain quality which distinguishes it absolutely from the finest eighteenth-century art. It has the note of suffering; and suffering, after all, is the test of love. "Je sais d'autres vers, repris-je, et ceux-là non plus je ne puis me les réciter sans goûter une joie amère comme cet arôme qui nous charme, comme cette mer qui se plaint: le 'Colloque sentimental' de Verlaine. Aimez-vous la grandeur désolée de ces distiques, aussi simples que des enfants, et où se débat toute l'ardeur d'une passion à l'agonie? Ceux-ci :

'Vous souvient-il de notre extase ancienne ?

—Pourquoi voulez-vous donc qu'il m'en souviennne ?

Ton cœur bat-il toujours à mon seul nom,

Vois-tu toujours mon âme en rêve?—Non.'

Ah! quiconque n'a pas frémi jusqu'aux replis les plus profonds de son être en lisant ces vers, quiconque ne s'y est pas miré comme en un tragique miroir est une brute ou un monstre." It is that note which gives humanity to these dialogues, among other characteristic products of the most modern kind of art. Even in the life of the senses, how much of the acuteness of sensation depends really on just those dispositions of the soul to which the eighteenth century affected a polite indifference! That "Colloque sentimental" could have

found no place in an earlier "Fête galante"; the "vieux parc solitaire et glacé" is not to be found in all Watteau. And these dialogues, with all their lightness, their cynicism, their denials and questionings, have an undertone of seriousness which is, as the writer truly tells us, the voice of "une âme peut-être trop humaine."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

- "Critique et Politique." Par James Darmesteter. Préface de Mary Darmesteter. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1895.
 "Souvenirs de Guerre du Général Baron Pouget." Publiés par Mme. de Boisdeffre. Paris: E. Plon & Co. 1895.
 "Autour de la Grèce." Par Jean Psichari. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1895.
 "La Reine Nadège." Par Flagy. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1895.
 "Les Mercredis d'un Critique." Par Philippe Gille. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1895.
 "À Pied, à Cheval, en Voiture." Par Paul Geruzez. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1895.

THE quality of the mind of James Darmesteter was not appreciated in England, and perhaps not fully appreciated in France, until after his sudden and premature death. Since then, as is so often the case, it is possible that an undue attention has been given to it. It has become customary to speak of the young Orientalist as though he were another Renan, another Nietzsche, and as though his loss, which was a serious one to French letters, was absolutely irreparable. There is, we think, an amiable exaggeration in all this. James Darmesteter was no longer extremely young when he died; he was over forty. He had published a great deal, and in divers fields of thought. He proposed to call a collection of his miscellaneous writings, which he has left unfinished, "Orient et Occident," and the title, in its expansiveness, indicates the breadth of his studies. We are able, plainly enough, to see what he was likely to become had length of days been granted to him. He would, doubtless, have grown still more encyclopædic in knowledge, would have discoursed on a hundred subjects with more and more authority, but would not, or we make a great mistake, ever have become that guiding force in literature and philosophy which his friends suppose. His mind seems to us to have been a creation rather than creative. His amiable and accomplished widow says that his intellect was so vast and so deep at the same time that "he held the rank of prince in several provinces of the intelligence, each so far removed from the others that no bond attaches them together." Allowing for a natural exaggeration we may admit this, and yet doubt whether James Darmesteter would ever have been king in one.

It is impossible in reading these essays not to turn back again and again to the preface, so delicate in its feverish intensity, which his widow has contributed. This seems the more important part, at least of this book, and we see James Darmesteter through her. She tells us of his gentle death, "une mort d'enfant, douce comme du lait," and of her desolation. She buried him in the forest, in a bed of fine sand, under a coverlid of blue flowers, his head, still young and curly, resting on the Hebrew Bible of his mother, between his folded hands a book of songs; she buried him there, and then she rose from her knees resolved to battle for him with oblivion, to insist on a recognition of his talents. She will succeed, she has succeeded already; James Darmesteter has become posthumously famous, and his fame is in no small degree due to the strenuous passion of his English wife. The volume of essays before us is the first of a series of four collections in which Mme. Darmesteter proposes to issue her husband's miscellaneous shorter writings. Much that he projected he never fulfilled. We shall not read his historical novel of "Titus et Bérénice," nor his manual of modern Platonism, "L'Evangile éternel." But we shall possess his scattered and exceedingly valuable Oriental studies, and we know that what there is to bring forward will be presented, as upon tables of silver, by the devoted and impassioned companion of his labours.

General Pouget, who lived until 1851, and died in his

eighty-seventh year, did not write down his "Souvenirs" with any intention of their being published, but only to bequeath to his children a recital of events which could not fail to interest them. It is one of those children, his daughter, Mme. de Boisdeffre, who has decided, now when everybody is pouring forth Napoleonic memoirs, to print those of her father. General Pouget was made Commander of the Legion of Honour after Austerlitz; immediately after the battle of Essling, in May 1809, a ball cut off half his left foot at the village of Aspern, and he was thus prevented from taking part in the fray at Wagram. He was soon cured, however, and proceeded with the rest on the Russian campaign. He was made Governor of Witepsk, in which city he was taken prisoner during the retreat. These are the most stirring events which we have come across in the "Souvenirs" of Baron Pouget. A couple of years ago this book would have attracted a great deal of attention, but the truth is that our curiosity has been satiated by the collections of this kind which have been poured forth since the publication of the "Mémoires de Marbot."

A young Greek, in his tender years, is taken to Paris, graduates as a Frenchman, passes his examinations at the École des Hautes Études, becomes in his turn a Parisian lecturer and a teacher, and then returning, a wanderer among the Isles of Greece, records his impressions of his fatherland revisited. This, we take it, is the case of M. Psichari, and such are the conditions under which he has composed his gay, clever, incoherent book. The varnished savage, scraping through the varnish to peep at his old skin—this is M. Psichari in his learned impertinence and professorial frivolity. It is possible that some of our readers may recall a certain little scandalous excitement caused last year by a lecture delivered at the Théâtre d'Application, on the Psychology of the Kiss. The lecturer was M. Psichari, and neither the subject nor the treatment was approved of at the Institute. This lecture is printed in the volume before us, for M. Psichari is not shy. We are—and we therefore turn to some fantastic but really very vivid and luminous pages descriptive of a voyage among the Cyclades.

The pseudonym of "Flagy" has been affixed to works of fiction which are even lighter than M. Psichari's psychological lecture, and we opened the pages of "La Reine Nadège" with some doubt whether it was a book that could even be mentioned to the shamefaced daughters of Albion. But it is quite harmless, and rather interesting. It is a palpable *roman à clef*, and the key is positively left in the lock of the newspapers, since it would be affectation to ignore the fact that the novel is an attempt to tell the stories of their remarkable majesties, Milan and Nathalie of Servia. The balance is very well poised; it cannot be said that Flagy holds a brief either for the dissipated king or the vixen queen. To the throne of Arcadia succeeds Danilo I., who is discovered, on the sudden death of his royal uncle, enjoying himself "on the cheap" in Paris. He wants money and beauty, that he may appear decorously, with a queen, before his Arcadians, and so he marries in a hurry Nadège, the daughter of a millionaire Danish freebooter. The book is neither ill constructed nor badly written, and it has that curious interest (on which Alphonse Daudet, Le-maitre, Couperus, and Björnson have calculated) which depends on the unveiling of simple human passion in the most exalted and artificial strata of society. At the close of the novel, Danilo I. is reconciled to his injured and injurious Nadège. "Pensez-vous que ce retour soit durable?" "Quant à ça," replies the mother of "Gyp," already, perhaps, contemplating a sequel, "je ne puis en répondre."

That M. Philippe Gille should continue the labours of a lifetime, and should contribute to his newspaper "Wednesdays" on things in general, is quite right and proper, but that he should reprint them in a book is another affair. They are absurdly short, these essays; few of them contain more words than does one column of the SATURDAY REVIEW. If this were the quintessence of criticism, it might pass, but often there is no criticism at all. We open, for example, at what professes to be an essay on M. Paul Alexis. Five lines at the beginning describe his volume, "Trente Romans," four lines at the end vaguely praise it; all the rest of the article is filled up with quotations. We think this a very flagrant

instance of the growing habit of journalistic bookmaking, and we hold that if M. Gille has no more than this to say to us, he ought to be content with his reputation as a journalist and not blossom forth in books.

The lively sketches by M. Paul Gêruzez testify to the great advance of the French nation in all that is connected with field-sports. We shall expect M. Calmann Lévy before long to announce a Badminton Library for the use of Parisians. The book before us consists of stories and dialogues about poachers, game-keepers, "my first stag," ferrets and boars, dogs and foxes. The great feature of the volume, however, is a crowd of excellent small outline illustrations, designed by Crafty, in which not a little of the humour and character of Caldecott is caught and transferred to a French atmosphere.

FICTION.

"The Mirror of Music." By Stanley V. Makower. London: John Lane. 1895.

"THE Mirror of Music" is a remarkably original and noteworthy book, cast in the form of a woman's diary. Its source may possibly be the wonderful music-dreams of Heine's "Florentine Nights." Sarah Kaftal was a composer, and so sensitive to musical impressions that the great world of airs and harmonies gradually ousted the world of touch and colour from her conception of reality. "I have walked dreamily about the streets, masses of people have hurried before my eyes, and I have passed without feeling that they had any real existence. Then I have heard an organ play and a shudder has gone through me. The sound seems to symbolize a force of which man is but an offshoot, a bye-product." The peculiar relations of musical form and visual form, of which such a work as Mendelssohn's "Hebrides," for instance, is typical, are developed with remarkable subtlety in support of this thesis. One of the most curious things about this relationship is the fact that similar and sometimes almost identical pictures are elicited in different people by the same work. Finally the mind of Sarah Kaftal becomes so dissociated from its material surroundings that she is confined in a mad-house, and the concluding passages of the book suggest rather than show her straining across the world of sense towards the world of streaming harmonies that underlies it. For even from the dry scientific standpoint, the everyday appearances of things, the common humanities of life are indeed less fundamentally real than are rhythmic motion and periodic development. Cast into the diary form and blended with a rather unoriginal use of the "Kreutzer Sonata" as a decisive love charm, the present story falls very short of the full possibilities of the idea. Yet even as it stands it is novel and suggestive work, and we strongly recommend it to the attention of those who are given to dreaming over musical sounds. But to those who know nothing of music it will be a simply exasperating book.

"The Man of Seven Offers." By Edwin J. Ellis. London: Ward & Downey. 1895.

"The House of the Strange Woman." By F. Norreys Connell. London: Henry & Co. 1895.

It would be hard to imagine a more monotonous form for a book than that chosen by Mr. Ellis. Bertie Kingscroft makes proposals of marriage to seven persons in succession, and has a succession of six narrow escapes. You get a rhythmic movement of interest in this story; the proposal, the acceptance, the breaking-off of the match, and then again the proposal. It is not unlike being rocked in a cradle. Mr. Ellis writes in a cheerful style, and any one of his chapters by itself makes pleasant reading. But his illustrations—let us put it in a kindly way—remind us of Thackeray's. Mr. Norreys Connell, who began as a satirist, develops in the direction of novelette. To make a heroine of a woman who, with a small independent income, sells herself for luxuries, is up-hill work. His story concerns the "world" of St. John's Wood, and his adventurousness is a mercenary beauty without a spark of adventure in her composition. The sale of a packet of groceries would be almost as interesting. His men are the appropriate superficialities; desire, revenge, and an unwholesome dread of poverty are their chief motives: they are mean or brave in the conventional way.

Possibly there is a tragic intention in the "Strange Woman's" fate; if so, it fails in its realization.

"Holdenhurst Hall." By Walter Bloomfield. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1895.

"The Idyl of the Star Flower." By the Hon. Coralie Glyn. London: David Nutt. 1895.

"Mercia." A Romance. By A. Garland Mears. London: Simpkin, Marshall. 1895.

"The Great Secret." By Hume Nisbet. London: F. V. White & Co. 1895.

Here are four more dull ambitious books. Of "Holdenhurst Hall" H.H. Prince Frederick Duleep Singh was "first to express approbation," and we doubt if he will have many followers. Mr. Bloomfield has a style of almost Egyptian massiveness, under which a common weed of story (ancestral hidden treasure chiefly) lies buried. The inevitable document (A.D. 1671) revealing the hiding-place of the treasure begins in sham antique English, and relapses into Mr. Bloomfield's ordinary style before the first page is turned. "The Idyll of the Star Flower" was no doubt a pleasure to write. It is a very well meant and very uninteresting allegory about religion and purity and true and false love. Again and again have we cried aloud in these columns at the heavy and grievous romances that are inflicted upon us. "Mercia" is, if possible, thicker and sillier than its predecessors. It is a story of 2002 A.D. Everything is, as usual, done by electricity, and war is managed by tournaments, in which the combatants seek to paralyze each other's right arm by "electrically charged lances." In the end Mercia is elected Empress of India, and marries a prominent Mahatma. "The Great Secret" is a story about Anarchists and the future life. Mr. Nisbet's idea appears to be that after death we become even as extension lecturers, and go about talking platitudes in bad English. Mr. Nisbet is anxious to prove that there is eating and drinking in heaven. "It [the food] is drawn from the atoms of earth, yet no creature is suffered to administer it to us; therefore it is free from sin. No after effects can trouble you, for as it is taken it is disintegrated." Evidently Mr. Nisbet had the possibility of an angelic indigestion occur to him. "Philip"—a new arrival—"partook of dish after dish." There is a celestial honeymoon, and Philip and Adela "glide softly through space," while he imparts to her various "historical items." Apollonius comes and lectures to them. "'Farewell,' said Apollonius, as he slowly drifted from their vision, 'the sacrifice of self is the supremest good.'" Mr. Nisbet is not without imagination, but evidently he lacks the saving salt of humour.

"Woman Regained." By George Barlow. London: The Roxburghe Press. 1895.

Robert Perceval was a poet and he had the Artistic Temperament. The intelligent novel-reader knows at once what follows: the passionate kisses, the voluptuous writhings, the betrayals, and the excruciatingly bad verse in the text. Mr. George Barlow takes his hero quite seriously, even when he propounds sonnets, and recounts his series of conquests with infinite solemnity. All the women of the book are beautiful and they all love Mr. Perceval, and three commit suicide and one a double murder for the love of him. As a human document, as a revelation of the erotic dreams of a minor poet, the book is not without interest. Reading seriously, the ordinary reader will presently say "Faugh!" and put it down. But if one tries to imagine the dreamer of the dream, there is exercise for one's humour. In that light the end becomes delicious.

"There are now three corpses on the moor."—including the minor poet.

"But the starlight shone on unheedingly."

"The Stolen Bishop." By Charles C. Rothwell. London: The Leadenhall Press. 1895.

The name of Charles C. Rothwell is absolutely new to the present reviewer, and he is more than half persuaded it is a pseudonym veiling a feminine writer. Whether that is the case or not, the fact remains that "The Stolen Bishop" has not only a clever title and an amusing inserted leaflet of protest from the victim opposite the title-page, but also very exceptionally enter-

taining contents. "Charles C. Rothwell" is indisputably a humourist and as indisputably a very clever writer, and the book is excellent fooling from cover to cover. The Colonial Bishop, who is abducted in a milk-can and held at ransom in a hay-loft, is as funny as anything we have read this year, and the fight with the burglars on the "Leather Bottle" sets one's blood stirring. The book deserves to be widely read, and it has all the qualities that make a book widely read. It is a rare pleasure to find among the heaps of work by comparatively unknown writers that comes to us for review such a bright and promising performance. We shall look for "Charles C. Rothwell" again.

GUIDE-BOOKS.

- 'South-Eastern France.' 'South-Western France.' 'Eastern Alps.' 'Norway and Sweden.' Leipsic: Karl Baedeker; London: Dulau & Co. 1895.
 'Guide to Switzerland.' 'Guide to Holland and Belgium.' London: Thos. Cook & Son. 1895.
 Black's Guides: 'Cornwall,' 'Devonshire,' 'The Isle of Wight,' and 'Ireland.' London: A. & C. Black. 1895.
 'Tourist's Guide to Cornwall.' London: Edward Stanford. 1895.
 'Baedeker's Thorough Guides.' London: Dulau & Co. 1895.

BAEDEKER'S Guides are too well known to need more than a passing notice. An eighth edition of the "Eastern Alps" has been called for, a second edition of the two Guides to "South-Eastern France" and "South-Western France," and a sixth edition of "Norway, Sweden, and Denmark." These volumes contain a marvellous amount of information in a small compass, but for those who intend to stay any length of time in one place, the summaries are too short. The information is thoroughly reliable, and based on the personal acquaintance of the editor with the countries described, the chief places of which, he tells us in his preface, he has visited repeatedly. One special point to be noted is the assurance that "advertisements of every kind are strictly excluded from these handbooks . . . the sole passport to the commendation of the editor is a character for fair dealing towards travellers," and asterisks denote those hotels which "from examination of the numerous hotel-bills sent to him by travellers are those which from personal knowledge he believes to be the best." Before the publication of each edition, the countries are revisited with the view of securing accuracy and freshness of information, very practical plans of tours are given, and we are told the best time of year for visiting each place. The maps and plans are quite excellent. The one fault we find is the extreme smallness of the print. Why should it be so? Why is the "Guide to South-Eastern France" half the thickness of the one to the "Eastern Alps"? If it were the same size the book could be read by other than young eyes.

This mistake is avoided in Cook's "Guide to Switzerland," which is printed in clear legible type with all objects of interest marked conspicuously—a great advantage when you are walking, or when travelling in a railway carriage. Descriptions of small towns and villages are avoided, but concise information is given as to mail routes and the most popular places, as well as those best worth seeing *out* of the beaten track. It is only to be expected that Cook's Guide should be full of clear definite information as to cost, luggage, passports, luggage fees, money, the quickest and most inexpensive routes, refreshments, &c., also the best time of day for sight-seeing; e.g. "Churches should be visited in the morning, as they are then open free." No attempt is made to give precise information as to excursions among the High Alps, or to describe minutely the endless excursions that may be made to obscure and comparatively uninteresting places. This Guide is written for the ordinary tourist. The real experience even of one person is often valuable, but their knowledge of the difficulties and wants of tens of thousands of people has enabled Messrs. Cook to produce an exceptionally clear Guide. Only last week a friend going to Switzerland for the first time was puzzled because some people advised her to take much luggage, others hardly any. Cook's Guide is very decided on this point, and advises, for comfort and economy, "only a small trunk that can be carried in the hand; if this is impossible, a strong leather portmanteau." In France 66 lb. is allowed free, but in Switzerland all luggage not carried in the hand must be paid for. On pages 8 to 11 details are given of the three principal routes to Switzerland—*vid* Basle, Neuchâtel, and Geneva. Basle is the great centre for trains from the North of Europe to different parts of Switzerland. On page 11 we are told the exact time of the journey from Basle to each important place—for instance, to Visp, for the Engadine, 5½ hours; Lucerne, 2½. The following is a specimen of the explicit directions given for each route:

"LUCERNE is reached by the 11 a.m. train from London, *vid* Dover-Calais, Amiens, Coire, Rheims, Châlons, Delle Delemont, Basle, and Olten, in 22½ hours. On landing at Calais at 2.20 there is an excellent refreshment-room, where travellers are advised to make a good meal or get a basket of

provisions before starting at 2.52 for Châlons, for there is no opportunity of getting anything at any station *en route*. In the early morning at Delle (4 a.m.) simple examination of luggage takes place; coffee can be procured here or at Delemont. The train is due at Basle at 6.40, where there is fifty minutes for breakfast, carriages are changed, and the St. Gothard train starts at 7.30 a.m., due at Lucerne at 9.40 a.m. The Customs examination of luggage is made at Basle. There are through carriages from Calais, and during the summer months *Lits-Toilettes*. In addition to the direct route in 19½ hours, Basle is also reached, *vid* Paris, in 19½ hours. A still cheaper way is by Harwich."

The route to Interlaken is the same as far as Delemont, then it goes to Berne, which is reached at 9.50, Thun 10.50, and Interlaken at 12, in time for luncheon. The quickest route for Montreux Visp and Zermatt is *vid* Lausanne, a journey of twenty-one hours from London. If it is desired to avoid night travelling, the journey should be broken at Rheims and Basle. Those who proceed direct leave Basle at 7.55 and arrive at Coire at 1.45. The diligence leaves Coire at 6 a.m., reaching St. Moritz at 6.40 p.m. Pontresina is 4½ miles from St. Moritz. Those who wish can sleep at Tiefenkasten and take the diligence at 10.30 the following day. A sleeping car from Calais to Basle can be had for an additional cost of 16s. 6d. The cost of a fortnight's tour *vid* Calais to Lucerne and Geneva is £12 16s. first class, £10 6s. third class; to Lucerne *vid* Dieppe, £9 8s. and £7 respectively. A month's tour to all the principal places in Switzerland and the Italian Lakes costs £15 10s. first class and £12 7s. second class, including diligence, steamers, &c. Most hotels cost from 8 to 10 francs per day. If some time be spent at one place the expense of travelling will be considerably less. Adopting a suggestion of "Macmillan's Magazine," the supplement gives a list of festivals, fêtes, fairs, &c. abroad. For the benefit of our readers we have given a lengthy description of the playground of Europe. Those who have never been to Switzerland have often not the slightest idea how to get there.

The Guide to "Holland, Belgium, the Rhine and Black Forest," from Messrs. Cook & Son, is much on the same lines. We have only one suggestion for future editions; nothing is said about climate, although it is possible this may have escaped our notice. The omission is less important in a guide to Switzerland, where the most bracing places are well known, but strangers to Holland and Belgium, to whom health is a first consideration, will miss information on this point.

Our second batch consists of four of "Black's Guides," old friends in a new artistic green dress. They consist of tours in Cornwall, Devonshire, the Isle of Wight, and Ireland. The sixteenth edition of Cornwall has been "almost entirely rewritten." The introduction gives an admirable *résumé* of the many characteristic features of this deeply interesting county with its wave-beaten coast-line, almost always striking, and often magnificent—its rough brown moors, lovely lichens, bloom of brambles, quaint crosses and old-world customs; also statistics of the equable climate, the geological formations, historic associations, as well as many illustrations of the kindly hospitality of the people, and, we might have added, strict honesty, of which we have had more than one striking instance. Of course, only the North of Cornwall can be recommended to those who want bracing air. From this point of view too little is said of Newquay, with its wonderful headland exposed to the full force of the open Atlantic, although it has a sheltered shore and splendid caves for those who dislike a wind.

The Guide to Ireland is a capital one, with exhaustive information as to tours, coaching, shooting, golf, and scenery, as well as similar particulars to those given about Cornwall.

In the Guide to Devonshire, instead of routes, the principal places of resort are taken as centres from which excursions can be made in different directions. The varied charms of this beautiful county, with the luxuriant richness of its valleys, and the wild picturesqueness of some of its hills, is fully described. Like Cornwall, it is much more mild and moist than the East Coast, although the air on the Dartmoor Hills at some seasons of the year is decidedly invigorating. The author recommends spring and late autumn as the best times of year to visit both counties, and certainly the Devonshire lanes are seen to perfection at the former season.

Oddly enough, the only Guide we have received to the Isle of Wight is from the same pen. In this thirteenth edition a new section is added in the shape of practical directions for boat-sailing about the Solent. This chapter, written by Mr. Williams and revised by Rear-Admiral Earle, strikes one as specially useful, but why is nothing said about the "rule of the sea" with regard to steam yachts and sailing boats? How any Admiral can have overlooked such an omission, possibly comes home to us with special force, because of sad instances we have known where neglect of the well-known "rule of the sea" has resulted in death. Various itineraries at the end of the book give the tourist a good idea of what is most worth seeing during a few days' visit to the island.

The "Tourist's Guide to Cornwall," by Tregellas, is freshly and interestingly written, a subject of congratulation when so many similar books leave little new to tell. The author wrote about Cornwall (for the preface tells us he has died since the issuing of the sixth edition): "A Canadian would think there was no summer and no winter, a Spaniard would wonder what had become of the sun, and a Peruvian would think it always rained."

These words pithily describe a climate where, at Penzance, January is as warm as at Madrid, Florence, and Constantinople, and July as cool as at St. Petersburg in that month. A friend of ours who happened to be wintering at Mentone compared the temperature daily with that of Newquay, and finding the average temperature of the latter warmer, spent the following winter there. We can strongly recommend this little guide-book, which is written in unhackneyed language by one who evidently loved his county, and one who would doubtless be glad to feel that his words would make others appreciate it more. That we could read the book with interest, after conscientiously reviewing thirty-five guide-books in one week, is a pretty safe test.

We have only two of Baddeley's Thorough Guide series: "Wales" and "the English Lakes." The titles exactly describe them. There is no exaggerated description, and the writer gives the why and wherefore of any high praise. Every possible information is given in a small compass. First and second class hotels for the large places are given, with their respective tariffs, and from personal knowledge of the hotels at Windermere, the best only are recommended as first class. Particulars of golf-courses, fishing, coaching, cycling, reading-rooms, &c., dates of regattas, heights of mountains, a glossary, and various information interesting to geologists and botanists are given, as well as the characteristics of the scenery. The Guide to North Wales is equally good and thorough.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Daendels and Raffles, Governors of Java." By M. L. Van Deventer. Translated by George G. Batten. London: Printed on behalf of the translator by E. Marlborough & Co. 1895.

A comparison between two statesmen is always interesting, and colonial history has a great fascination in that it reproduces for us in smaller, clearer scale many of the problems so difficult to grasp in the larger confusion of European history. Marshal Daendels, "a general more strongly attached to the interests of Bonaparte than to his own country," was sent out by the Netherlands as Governor of Java in 1808, chiefly to defend the colony against the superior power of England. Quiet inside the island was, therefore, of the highest importance; but Daendels chose to quarrel with the Javan Princes, in some cases over a mere point of etiquette, and to build, at immense sacrifices of money and peace, an impossible harbour for a fleet which did not exist. He spent money to increase uselessly the coffee production of the island, and at the same time cut off the only market that was left, neutral America, by recklessly raising the price of his produce. He did not remain to see the effect of his policy; for Java was attacked and surrendered to the English during the governorship of his successor Janssens, who found affairs in a hopeless condition and was greatly hindered by the incompetent and indifferent General Jumel, to whom Napoleon inexplicably delegated the military command. That is the story which Van Deventer tells of Daendels. It is quite obvious that there is another side to all this, for the author of this dissertation owns that Daendels is traditionally looked upon as "the saviour of Java"; but he expresses his view of the affair with a most convincing show of moderation. Raffles was the British Lieutenant-Governor who took over the island after Lord Minto's victory, and as Van Deventer says, a greater contrast can hardly be found than that between the two governors. Raffles saw that it was no time for political changes, and at once made friends with the Javan Princes, he also carried out a reform, which was to have been one of Daendel's chief objects, by placing the taxation on a European basis. "With a grand and fixed aim before him, and gifted with a wide perception, he embraced the whole situation, sounded the depths, and penetrated the core, where his predecessor (Daendels) had stopped short at the surface." Van Deventer has nothing but praise for Raffles at the beginning; the representative of a trading company was an infinitely better governor than the soldier who put the State first. But "the rule of a warehouse-keeper," as Crawford called Raffles' Government, had its narrow and bad side. His chief object, as he himself said, was to extend the British commerce by the exclusion of other European and American Powers. This exclusive commercial policy failed most signally in his dealings with Borneo, Celebes, and Sumatra. But the worst part of Raffles comes only when his governorship was over, and the Archipelago had been returned to the Dutch. "It was an abomination to his over-excited nationality to see the Dutch again in quiet possession," and he lost no opportunity of undermining their authority and even tried to retain territory restored by the terms of the peace. This bitterness, no doubt, was, humanly speaking, excusable; but Van Deventer cannot be expected to look upon it forgivingly when it entangled the Government at home. "It is true that most of his acts were afterwards repudiated by his Government; but Raffles was the first in the broad row of those English adventurers who, willingly or unwillingly, have always more or less bound the hands of the statesmen in London by their actions in distant parts." It appears to be an acknowledged fact that Van Deventer was wanting in impartiality; but these short articles seem to breathe the very spirit of the true historian. It is a pity that the English of the translation is not a little easier and more quickly comprehensible.

"A Yachting Cruise to Norway." By the Parson and the Lawyer. London: Fisher Unwin. 1895.

As the various publishers vie with one another in presenting books of travel to the public, there must be money in them, and so we shall be doing a service to those who have not yet learned the business if we give a brief exposition of the way to write such literature. The art divides itself into two branches: adventures, and the telling of them. The adventures should not be thrilling. "We chartered a light carriage with four wheels; as there were five of us, one had to sit on the box, and the other four sat inside, two facing forwards and two backwards. The driver held the reins in his hand, and wore his hat on his head. We passed a house on our way with a slate roof, and an old woman looked out of the little window. The road was sometimes uphill, at other times either flat or down hill. After a mile or so it divided, and instead of taking the left road we took the right and came up to a hen, who was walking about happily in the middle of the road. For a long time she ran in front of the carriage, then she scrambled up the bank and we turned round and watched her until we passed the corner; then we could not see her any more, because the corner was in the way. We were rather in a hurry because dinner was at seven, and as we were very hot and uncomfortable we begged the driver to turn back. If we had gone on another mile, we should have come to a church. The sunset was remarkably fine, and some time after the sun had disappeared it grew quite dark and the stars came out. We shall not readily forget it." That would do very well for an adventure; but it would be a mistake to conclude that an acceptable book of travel could be written by you without leaving your room; for if you stay at home you will not easily learn how to piece your adventures together; that is the second branch of the art, and the more important. Unless you go somewhere you will find it difficult to catch the right degree of wit. You might think of saying "all and sundry" at home, or even of describing a difficulty as "a source of continual speculation, not of money, but of mind"; but until you have packed your boxes, lost your luggage, eaten or not eaten *en route*, met some pretty girls on board the boat and so on, you will not feel the proper flow of facetiousness. It is customary to preface your book with an apology. The Parson and the Lawyer have not done so. Considering their command of language, perhaps it was as well they did not try. However, the rule is to say that if your book induces others to go to the place you have been describing it will have served its purpose. It is a good thing to quote poetry, and you can get it out of a guide-book. Guide-books have a nasty way of quoting poetry without mentioning the author; but you can overcome the difficulty by saying familiarly "as the poet hath it," or "in the words of the bard." It is unwise to make a shot at the poet's name unless you are really well read. Thus, our parson and lawyer after remarking with their customary vividness that they saw a scene of indescribable beauty, add, "it will never be forgotten, but, in the words of Shelley, will be a 'joy for ever.'"

"Down the Lane and Back." "Through the Copse." "A Stroll on a Marsh." "Across the Common." "Around the Cornfield." By Uncle Matt. London: T. Nelson & Sons. 1895.

The matter of these "Talks about Wild Flowers," by Dr. M. C. Cooke, is excellent; the information begins from the beginning, progresses gradually, and the five little volumes form a very good start in botany. The manner, too, is probably the best that can be found. The short lessons are arranged as dialogues between Uncle Matt and his little niece Cissy. Although this fashion may be irritating to some children, those perhaps who are rather grown up, it should ensure the greatest object of all, observation by the children themselves. The best way to use these books, and Dr. Cooke would probably be the first to agree, would be to keep them among the elders, the "Uncle Matts," whoever they may be, and not give them into the hands of the children themselves. The elders will find information and a good method of procedure in these volumes, and the educational superiority of a personality and the spoken word over a book-cover and the printed page is incalculable.

"The Land Question." By John Erskine. Glasgow: William Hodge. 1895.

Mr. Erskine proposes compulsory sale at market value of all land not in agricultural use or built upon or devoted to some public or private purpose entitling it to be exempted from the operation of compulsory sale. This step would make it impossible for a landowner to keep acres out of cultivation as deer-forests or to hold up land for a rise. The market value of the land is to be fixed by competition, not by what it may be worth to one individual. For instance, if B is holding idle a plot of ground adjoining the growing factory of A, B may be forced to sell the plot by A, not at the high price A might be willing to give for it, considering its peculiar convenience for him, but at the price which competition can secure. Land Courts are to be instituted to settle disputes and to make sure that a purchaser is not buying a lot in order to hold it over himself, but is actually going to farm it or build on it. The landowner would thus be prevented from obstructing progress or levying toll on progress. Mr. Erskine is rather long before he comes to this point, laughing frequently at the reformer, and thus coaxing on the reassured reader to look upon his own proposal as something almost feudal in its respect for property.

Mr. Alfred Austin's new work "In Veronica's Garden," will be published by Messrs. Macmillan on 20 September. Like "The Garden that I Love," to which it is a sequel, it will consist of both prose and verse, and will contain several illustrations.

Mr. Henry Frowde will shortly publish for the first time in a complete shape, Sir William Wilson Hunter's "Old Missionary," which attracted so much attention in the "Contemporary Review" about six years ago. This realistic view of Asiatic Missions, in its final form, will be particularly welcome during the present missionary complications in the East.

We have also received "The Lyrical Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley," edited by Ernest Rhys (J. M. Dent); "The Master of Blantyre," In Memoriam the Hon. Walter Stuart (Thomas Nelson); "History of Greece," by Adolph Holm, Vol. II. the Fifth Century B.C. (Macmillan); "Romola," Vol. II., and "Scenes of Clerical Life," Vol. I. (William Blackwood); "Anglo-Indian Cookery at Home," by the Wife of a retired Indian Officer (Horace Cox); "The Art of Breathing as Applied to Physical Development," by A. L. Hoper-Dixon (Gale & Polden); "Ad Sodales," by Frank Taylor (Simpkin Marshall); Eighth Edition of Robert Blatchford's "Merrie England" ("The Clarion"); "The Mystery of Ourselves," by Chillingham Hunt (Dean & Son); "The Tenure of Office of Assistant-Masters in Secondary Schools," by J. Montgomery, B.H. (William Reeves); "Old Mortality," Vols. I. and II. (Archibald Constable); "Fielding," Austin Dobson, "Thackeray," Anthony Trollope, "Dickens," H. W. Ward, Vol. IX. of Macmillan's "English Men of Letters."

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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REORGANIZATION OF THE ERIE SYSTEM.

To the holders of New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railroad Company's New Second Consolidated Mortgage Bonds, Second Consolidated Mortgage Funded Coupon Bonds, Funded Coupon Bonds of 1885, Income Bonds, Preferred Stock, Common Stock, and Chicago and Erie Railroad Company's Income Bonds.

NEW YORK, 29th August, 1895.

A plan has been issued for the reorganization of the New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railroad Company, the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad Company, and the Chicago and Erie Railroad Company, copies may be obtained at the offices of the depositaries under said plan, J. S. Morgan & Co., 22 Old Broad Street, London, and J. P. Morgan & Co., 23 Wall Street, New York. All holders of Stock and Bonds above mentioned are notified to deposit same with either of said depositaries.

Holders of Preferred and Common Stock of the New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railroad Company are further notified that in order to obtain the right to a deduction of \$6 per Share from the assessment of \$18 per Share on the Common Stock, and \$4 per Share from the assessment of \$12 per Share on the Preferred Stock, they must deposit their Stock and pay the first instalment of \$3 per Share on the Common Stock, and \$2 per Share on the Preferred Stock, on account of the balance of the assessment on or before 20th September, 1895. Holders of Preferred or Common Stock failing to deposit the same or to pay such instalment by 20th September, 1895, and the remaining instalments as called for, must pay the full assessment of \$18 per Share on Common Stock and \$12 per Share on Preferred Stock without any deduction whatsoever.

A decree for the sale of the New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railroad has already been entered. Prompt action by Security Holders is therefore essential.

C. H. COSTER,
LOUIS FITZGERALD, } Committee.
A. J. THOMAS,

The bonds of the New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railroad Company already under our control pursuant to the circular of J. S. Morgan & Co. and Drexel Morgan & Co., dated 10th December, 1894, unless withdrawn as hereinafter provided will be included in the present plan without further action by the depositors, but in carrying out the plan the Committee may require the exchange of existing receipts for new receipts issued thereunder. Should, however, any holder of outstanding receipts for such securities desire, we will, upon surrender of the receipts of such holder, return the securities represented thereby on or before 30th September, 1895, after which date all privilege of withdrawal will cease.

J. S. MORGAN & Co.
J. P. MORGAN & Co.

LONDON AND NEW YORK,
August 29th, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

AFRICA IN LONDON.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

Last Four Weeks.
AFRICAN OSTRICH FARM!
AFRICAN LOAN COLLECTION!
AFRICAN (SOMALI) NATIVE VILLAGE!
SOMALI HORSE RACES!
SOMALI DROMEDARY RACES!
SOMALIS RIDING OSTRICHES!
SOMALIS THROWING SPEARS!
SOMALIS RIDING BICYCLES!
SOMALI SHAM FIGHT!
DISPLAYS BY THE SOMALI NATIVES!
DAILY at 3.30 and 5.30. Seats 1s. and 2s. promenades, 6d.
Extra Display on Thursday (Brock's Benefit) at 6.30.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER. Completely refurbished, redecorated, and lighted by electricity. REOPENS SATURDAY NEXT, September 7th, at 8.20, with THE CHILI WIDOW, adapted from MM. Bisson and Carré's successful French Comedy, "M. Le Directeur." Misses Sophie Larkin, Kate Phillips, Irene Vanbrugh, Violet Vanbrugh; Mr. Arthur Bouchier, Mr. W. Blakeley, &c. (Proprietress, Miss Kate Santley.) MATINEES EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.

BRITISH MUSEUM.

The Reading Rooms will be closed from Monday, September 2nd, to Thursday, September 5th, inclusive.

British Museum,
27th August, 1895.

E. MAUNDE THOMPSON,
Principal Librarian and Secretary.

DESIRABLE INVESTMENT. 500 Shares of £1 each, whole or part, in an enormously successful home enterprise. 15 per cent dividend paid. Price moderate. Write, PLOUTOS, care of Gould's Advertising Offices, 54 New Oxford Street, W.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

GUYS HOSPITAL RESIDENTIAL COLLEGE.—

Early application should be made to secure rooms for the Winter Session. Rent from 10s. to 16s. a week.—Apply to the WARDEN, The College, Guy's Hospital, S.E.

GUYS HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.—The

WINTER SESSION will begin on TUESDAY, Oct. 1. Entrance Scholarships of the combined value of £360 are awarded annually, and numerous prizes and medals are open for competition by students of the school.

The number of patients treated in the wards during last year was 5908.

All hospital appointments are open to students without charge, and the holders of resident appointments are provided with board and lodging.

The College accommodates 60 students, under the supervision of a resident warden.

The Dental School provides the full curriculum required for the L.D.S. England. The Club's Union Athletic Ground is easily accessible.

A handbook of information for those about to enter the medical profession will be forwarded on application.

For the prospectus of the school, containing full particulars as to fees, course of study advised, regulations of the college, &c., apply personally or by letter to the DEAN, Guy's Hospital, London Bridge, S.E.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL AND COLLEGE.

PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC CLASS.

Systematic Courses of Lectures and Laboratory Work in the subjects of the Preliminary Scientific and Intermediate B.Sc. Examinations of the University of London will commence on October 1st, and continue till July 1896.

Fee for the whole course £21, or £18 18s. to students of the Hospital; or £5 5s. each for single subjects.

There is a Special Class for the January Examination.

For further particulars apply to the Warden of the College, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, E.C.

A Handbook forwarded on application.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The WINTER SESSION will commence on Tuesday, October 1st.

The Hospital is the largest general hospital in the kingdom, and contains nearly 120 beds. Number of in-patients last year, 9,703; out-patients, 128,315; accidents, 12,732.

Surgical operations daily. Major operations in 1894, 1,778.

Appointments:—Forty qualified resident appointments are made annually. Dressers, clinical, post-mortem clerks, and maternity assistants are appointed every three months. All appointments are free. Holders of resident appointments are also provided free board.

Scholarships and Prizes.—Entrance Scholarships, value £120, £60, £60, £35, £30 and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September.—Numerous Scholarships and Prizes are given annually.

Fees—120 guineas in one payment, or 120 guineas by instalments. A reduction of 15 guineas is allowed to the sons of members of the profession.

Luncheons or dinners at moderate charges can be obtained in the Students' Club. The Students' Clubs Union, embracing all the Scientific, Social, and Athletic Clubs, are available to all Students. The Clubs Union Ground is at Lower Edmonton.

The Metropolitan, Metropolitan District, East London, and South-Eastern Railway Stations are close to the Hospital and College.

For further information apply, personally or by letter, to

MUNRO SCOTT, Warden.

Mile End, E.

KING'S COLLEGE, London.—STUDENTS in ARTS

and SCIENCE, ENGINEERING and APPLIED SCIENCES, MEDICINE, and other Branches of Education, will be admitted for the NEXT TERM on TUESDAY, the 1st of October next.

Students are classed on entrance according to their proficiency, and terminal reports of the progress and conduct of Matriculated Students are sent to their parents and guardians. There are entrance Scholarships and Exhibitions.

Students who are desirous of studying any particular subject or subjects, without attending the complete courses of the various Faculties, can be admitted as non-matriculated Students on payment of the separate fees for such classes as they select.

The College has an entrance both from the Strand and from the Thames Embankment, close to the Temple Station.

For Prospectuses and all information apply to the SECRETARY, King's College, London, W.C.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL.

The WINTER SESSION, 1894-1895, OPENS on Tuesday, October 1. ONE ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIP, of the value of 120 Guineas, and TWO of 60 Guineas, are awarded annually; also many other Scholarships, Medals, and Prizes.

FEES.—For the five years' curriculum of study required by the various Examining Bodies and for Hospital Practice, 110 Guineas in one sum, or 121 Guineas in five instalments.

The composition fee for sons of registered medical practitioners is 100 Guineas, and the fee by instalments 110 Guineas in five payments.

The composition fee for Dental Students is 54 Guineas, or 60 Guineas payable in two instalments of 30 Guineas each.

A proportionate reduction of the above fees will be made to those students who have completed part of the curriculum elsewhere.

Charing Cross Hospital is within three minutes' walk of the Dental Hospital of London, and the hours of Lectures are arranged to suit the convenience of both General and Dental Students.

The Hospital and School are situated within two minutes of Charing Cross Stations, South Eastern and District Railways.

The School Prospectus will be sent on application to the Librarian and Secretary, Mr. J. FRANCIS FINK, who can be seen at the Office of the Medical School, Chandos Street, Strand, W.C., between the hours of 10 and 4. Saturdays, 10 and 1.

STANLEY BOYD, Dean.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

SPECIAL CLASSES.

LONDON HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.

SPECIAL CLASSES are held in the subjects required for the PRELIMINARY SCIENTIFIC M.B. (London) EXAMINATION.

Fee for the whole Course: 10 Guineas.

Special Classes are also held for the Intermediate M.B. Lond. and Primary F.R.C.S. and other Examinations.

These Classes will commence in October, and are not confined to Students of the Hospital.

MUNRO SCOTT, Warden.

WOOLWICH and SANDHURST.—WALTER WREN,

M.A., Cambridge, PREPARES PUPILS. The latest references are to parents, &c., of pupils who passed 2nd, 7th, 13th 16th, 28th, 31st, 36th, 39th, and 58th. The special characteristic of Mr. Wren's system of military education is the preparation of candidates for both the open competitive and the coming-out examination, so as to secure R.E. for Woolwich candidates. The Candidates who passed FIRST and fourth in the late Competition for six vacancies in the India Forests Department were Mr. Wren's Pupils.—Address till September 10th, Astley House, Staveley Road, Eastbourne.

OUNCLE SCHOOL.—Classical, Modern, Science, and

Engineering Sides. Fees £65 to £75 a year. Last year's successes include Four Classical Scholarships, a Science Exhibition (Trinity College, Cambridge), a Science Scholarship and Woolwich Entrance (11th place). Next term begins Sept. 17. Apply to the HEADMASTER.

SHIPPING.

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, TASMANIA.

ORIENT LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

LEAVE LONDON EVERY ALTERNATE FRIDAY for the above COLONIES, calling at PLYMOUTH, GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, SUEZ, and COLOMBO.

Managers: { F. GREEN & CO. Head Offices: Fenchurch Avenue, London.
ANDERSON, ANDERSON & CO. }

For passage apply to the latter firm, at 5 Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., or to the Branch Office, 16 Cockspur Street, Charing Cross, S.W.

INSURANCE.

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES TO PRIVATE INSURERS.

THE IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. FIRE.

Est. 1803.—1, OLD BROAD ST., E.C.; and 22, FILL MALL, S.W.

Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Funds over £1,500,000.

E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

"THE TIMES" Dec. 29, 1894, says in a leading article on "Our Daughters"

"FIVE per cent. was regarded as the current rate of interest on good security when paterfamilias set up housekeeping; now he must think 'himself lucky when he can get Three.'"

The MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of New York
Guarantees Five per cent.

UNDER ITS

Debenture Policy,

WHICH ALSO PROVIDES FOR

Death Duties, Children's Education, Marriage Settlements or Business Capital under one Contract,

ACCUMULATED FUNDS £42,000,000.

Apply for particulars to any of the Branch Offices, or to

D. C. HALDEMAN, General Manager for the United Kingdom,
17 & 18 Cornhill, London, E.C.

SUN INSURANCE OFFICE,

63 Threadneedle Street, London, E.C. [FOUNDED 1710.

60 Charing Cross; 332 Oxford Street; 40 Chancery Lane.

THE OLDEST PURELY FIRE OFFICE IN THE WORLD.

Sum Insured in 1894, £393,622,400.

CHARITIES, &c.

THE HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN, Soho Square, W. Founded 1842.

Incorporated by Royal Charter 1887.

Patron—H.R.H. the PRINCE of WALES, K.G.

President—The DUKE of WESTMINSTER, K.G.

FUNDS urgently NEEDED for the maintenance of 65 beds.
DAVID CANNON, Secretary.

THE GROSVENOR HOSPITAL FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN,

Vincent Square, S.W.

President—VISCOUNT CROSS.

Lady President—The BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

In consequence of the increased accommodation, FUNDS are greatly NEEDED

ALEX. S. HARVEY, Secretary.

CANCER WARDS OF THE MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL.

25 beds devoted to helpless, incurable cases.

A Fund of £12,000 is being raised for the purpose of erecting a separate building for the accommodation of the female cancer patients hitherto located in the Hospital—an improvement which is urgently demanded on the ground of the health, comfort, and convenience of the patients. Towards the cost of the new building the sum of £8,000 has been paid or promised, and an urgent APPEAL is now made for the balance of £4,000 still required. Patients are admitted without letters or any recommendation, save that of necessity, and are permitted to remain until "relieved by art or released by death."

F. CLARE MELHADO, Secretary-Superintendent.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION (supported solely by voluntary contributions).—The Committee earnestly APPEAL for FUNDS to enable them to keep their large fleet of 304 lifeboats and their crews in efficient working order. Help is particularly needed at the present time. Since 1824 the Institution has granted rewards for the saving of upwards of 38,000 lives on the coasts of the United Kingdom.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Charles Dibdin, Esq., 14 John Street, Adelphi, W.C., and by all the Banks in the United Kingdom.

FOR EVERY SHILLING SENT A DAY

IN EPPING FOREST, including rail and substantial meal, can be provided for a poor and often sickly EAST LONDON CHILD. Ten thousand waiting to go. Every gift, great or small, promptly acknowledged as usual by Rev. J. W. Atkinson, Claremont, Cawley Road, London, E. Parcels of clothing welcome also. Balance-sheet by chartered accountants to every donor.

A WEEK AT THE SEA.—Help is earnestly solicited for the Sick Poor of Plaistow, E. ("London over the border.") Pop. 21,000. During the last three months 3278 necessitous poor patients obtained advice and medicine at St. Mary's Dispensary, and 1266, too ill to do so, were visited at their own Homes by our Medical Missioner, or nursed in our Hospital for Sick Children. Many of these are waiting to be sent to St. Monica's Home of Rest for Women, and St. Mary's Holiday Home for Children at Southend-on-Sea. Cheques and orders to Rev. T. Given-Wilson, Vicar of Plaistow, London, E.

ROYAL BLIND PENSION SOCIETY

(With which is United the Blind Female Annuity Society).

Patron—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Vice-Patron—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

President—THE DUKE OF GRAFTON, K.G.

Honorary Secretaries { MESSRS. GEORGE POCOCK AND PERCY R. POCOCK.

THIS Society grants Pensions to the Blind Poor at their own homes in sums ranging from 10s. to 25s. per month. There are at present upwards of 700 Pensioners residing in various parts of the Kingdom, among whom about £5,000 is annually distributed in pensions, paid monthly, through the agency of 500 Honorary Almoners. Elections take place in May and November in each year. In addition to those elected by the votes of Subscribers, two are added at every election by rotation. Others are nominated from time to time to receive the "Thomas Pocock" and "James Templeton Wood" Memorial Pensions. An approved Candidate of 75 years of age or upwards can receive an immediate Pension upon payment of a donation of THIRTY GUINEAS. To be eligible, applicants must be totally blind, above 21 years of age, of good moral character, and in receipt of an income not exceeding £30, if single, and £30 if married. No distinction is made in regard to sex or creed, nor is the receipt of parish relief a disqualification. Applications must be made on the printed form provided by the Society. Subscribers of 10s. 6d. annually, or Donors of Five Guineas, are entitled to One Vote at every election, and the multiples thereof in proportion. The payment of a Legacy to the Society confers upon each Executor the privilege of one Life Vote for every £25 bequeathed. The yearly Report, containing the rules, accounts, and all information, will be forwarded on application. Contributions will be gratefully received by the Treasurer, or by the Bank of England, or Messrs. Barclay, Bevan & Co.

JOHN C. BUMSTED, Esq., Treasurer.

W. ELLIOTT TERRY, Secretary.

235 Southwark Bridge Road, London.

THE NATIONAL REFUGES

FOR

Homeless and Destitute Children

AND TRAINING SHIPS "ARETHUSA" AND "CHICHESTER."

Founded in 1843 by the late WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

President.—THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF JERSEY, G.C.M.G.

Chairman and Treasurer.—W. E. HUBBARD, Esq.

Deputy-Chairman.—C. T. WARE, Esq.

Secretary.—H. BRISTOW WALLEN, Esq.

Finance and Deputation Secretary.—HENRY G. COPELAND, Esq.

Bankers.—THE LONDON AND WESTMINSTER BANK, 214 High Holborn.

London Office—164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.

THE OPERATIONS OF THE SOCIETY CONSIST OF

1. The Training Ship "Arethusa," } Moored at Greenhithe,
2. The "Chichester" Tender. } on the Thames.
3. The Boys' Home, Shaftesbury House, Shaftesbury Avenue.
4. The Boys' Home, Fortescue House, Twickenham.
5. The Farm School, Bisley, Surrey.
6. The Shaftesbury School, Bisley.
7. The Girls' Home, Sudbury, near Harrow.
8. The Girls' Home, Ealing.
9. Fordham House Working Boys' Home, Shaftesbury Avenue.
10. Training Ships' Depot, 100 East India Dock Road, E.

In these Ships and Homes nearly 1000 Boys and Girls are fed, clothed, lodged, technically educated, and religiously trained to become useful men and women.

NO VOTES REQUIRED.

FUNDS are GREATLY NEEDED, to purchase Food and Clothing for this large Family. Cheques or Post Office Orders to be sent to Treasurer, Secretary, or Bankers.

THE JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT CO., LTD.

CAPITAL, £800,000.

London Board of Directors.

B. I. BARNATO, M.L.A., Chairman.
HENRY C. BUCKNALL.
WOOLF JOEL.
ISAAC LEWIS.
JOHN PALDON.

EDMUND ESCOMBE, Managing Director.
G. H. RAW.
B. B. TRENCH.
H. L. WALTER.
Sir WILLIAM YOUNG, Bart.

Secretary.—T. HONEY.

London Offices.—7 LOTHBURY, E.C.

Johannesburg Board of Directors.

P. S. CALDECOTT.
FRED. ENGLISH.
J. FRIEDLANDER.
S. B. JOEL.

CHARLES MARX.
Sir JAMES SIVEWRIGHT, K.C.M.G.
Hon. J. TUDHOPE (General Manager).

Secretary.—J. PITTS.

Johannesburg Offices.—COLONNADE BUILDINGS.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

THE Directors submit herewith their Report and Balance Sheet of the Company for the year ending 30th June, 1895.

In November, 1894, a London Directorate was established; and at the same time the Capital of the Company was increased from £150,000 to £800,000 by an issue of 300,000 Shares of £1 each at a premium of 10s. per Share. In February last the Company purchased the entire assets and business of the South African Trust and Finance Company, Limited, and in connection therewith the Capital was further increased to £800,000 by an issue of 131,000 Shares at a premium of £1 10s. per Share. The Capital of the Company is thus £800,000 in 800,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 788,000 Shares are issued and there remains unissued a balance of 12,000 Shares.

By circular issued in November last, the Directors announce that arrangements were in progress for the extinction of Founders' rights to participate equally with the Ordinary Shares in any dividend declared in excess of 20 per cent. per annum. Under this arrangement the Company acquired an option (which it has since exercised) from the holders of 17,000 Shares carrying Founders' rights to extinguish these rights for an allotment of 25,000 fully-paid Shares, and they are gratified to report that they have since concluded an arrangement with the holders of the remaining 8000 Shares carrying Founders' rights to extinguish these rights on similar terms.

Since the commencement of this year the business of the Company has greatly expanded, and it has become interested in many very profitable important financial and mining enterprises.

The Company, by an arrangement made in January last with Messrs. Barnato Brothers, acquired from that firm the financial and Commercial agencies in London of some of the most important Gold Mining Companies in the Transvaal upon the following advantageous terms, viz.:—That in consideration of an allotment of 10,000 fully-paid Shares of this Company, Messrs. Barnato Brothers have transferred all such agency business as from the 1st day of January last. The capital value of the Shares (£10,000), and the accrued dividend thereon is charged against the profits of the year. These Shares will now be allotted. As illustrating the value of this branch of the Company's business, it may be mentioned that the revenue derived from secretarial and general agency business has amounted to £19,976 15s. 10d., of which amount £11,450 16s. 4d. has been received during the last six months in London alone. Since June 30th further important agencies have been acquired.

The amount to the credit of Profit and Loss, including the balance of £14,573 2s. 5d. brought forward from last year's statement, as shown in the accounts, is £989,029 4s. 10d.

The Directors recommend that the balance to the credit of Profit and Loss be appropriated as follows:—

An interim dividend at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum was paid in December last on 350,000 Shares which absorbed	£35,000 0 0
To payment of a dividend to Shareholders registered on the 31st July, at the rate of 40 per cent. per annum on the issued Capital of 788,000 Shares	157,600 0 0
To creation of a Reserve Fund	400,000 0 0
Leaving a balance to be carried forward of	396,429 4 10
	£989,029 4 10

The assets of the Company have been carefully valued and the Directors are of opinion that their estimate of same will be more than realized.

Of the Stocks and Shares in various undertakings held on 30th June, many have since materially appreciated in value.

House and Landed Property and Shares in Landed Estates owned by the Company have been valued upon a basis to return 10 per cent. on the Capital value, inclusive of the premises occupied by the Company, to meet which the property account has been written down to the extent of £15,054 0s. 5d.

The present London Offices of the Company being entirely inadequate to meet the requirements of the Company's business, the Directors having recently purchased a freehold site in Austin Friars, upon which a suitable and commodious building will be erected.

The Directors have also decided to erect, upon one of the Company's most valuable freehold sites in Johannesburg, a large block of buildings, suitable for offices and shops, and, on completion, the offices of the Company will be transferred thereto.

Mr. G. W. Starr, late Manager of the Primrose Mine, has been appointed Consulting Engineer to the Company, and all mining enterprises with which the Company is associated have been placed under his management and control.

In view of the large amount of capital required to deal with undertakings which are constantly arising in connection with the development of the Transvaal, the Directors deem it expedient to retain large resources on hand. The business of the Company since the 30th June continues of a promising nature, and the Directors avail of every opportunity to acquire interests in the further developments taking place in South Africa.

By order of the Board,
THOS. HONEY, Secretary.

JOHANNESBURG AND LONDON,
26th August, 1895.

JOHANNESBURG CONSOLIDATED INVESTMENT COMPANY, LIMITED.

BALANCE SHEET, 30th June, 1895.

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Capital Account		By Cash at Bankers and in hand	149,710 5 6
788,000 Shares Issued at £1 each, fully paid	£788,000	Loans to Mining Companies and on the London and Johannesburg Stock Exchanges, repayable at short notice or call (fully secured)	366,630 8 3
12,000 reserve Shares (as per contra)	12,000	Sundry Debtors	273,895 8 8
	£800,000	Real Estate, House and Landed Properties and Shares in same	273,368 3 6
Fixed Deposits	220,939 8 6	Investments in Mining Properties and Shares, and in Financial, Municipal, Commercial and other undertakings	1,121,901 7 7
Sundry Creditors	122,126 11 11	Sundry Assets, Machinery, Office Furniture, &c.	6,595 14 11
Profit and Loss—		Reserve Shares (as per contra)	12,000 0 0
Balance	954,029 4 10		
	£2,097,095 5 3		£2,097,095 5 3

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for the Year ending 30th June, 1895.

	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
To Salaries (including Audit Fee)	7,728 19 6	By Revenue on Real Estate, House and Landed Properties	14,053 3 6
Directors' Fees	1,950 10 8	Agency, Secretarial and Transfer Fees, Brokerage, Commissions, &c.	19,976 15 10
Rent, Rates and Taxes	1,347 2 9	Interest on Loans	62,406 11 9
Interest on Deposits, Insurance and Exchange	6,013 14 11	Bad Debts (recovered)	120 0 0
House and Landed Properties, Machinery, Office Furniture, &c., (written down)	17,440 8 11	Profits on Mining Properties, Shares in Mining and other Companies and undertakings (the Shares on hand taken at market value of the 30th June, 1895)	594,029 2 8
Purchase of Agency Business (10,000 Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Shares and Dividend on same)	12,000 0 0		
General Expenses, including Printing and Stationery, Advertising, Licenses, Cables, Postages, Bank Charges, &c.	3,804 18 5		
Balance carried down	640,299 18 7		
	£690,585 13 9		£690,585 13 9
To Interim Dividend paid at the rate of 20 % per annum on 350,000 Shares	35,000 0 0	By Balance from account to 30th June, 1894	14,573 2 5
Balance carried Balance Sheet	954,029 4 10	Premium on Shares (less expense of issue)	334,156 3 10
	£989,029 4 10	Balance brought down	640,299 18 7
			£989,029 4 10

We have audited the Books and Accounts of the Johannesburg Office of the Company and found them correct.

JOHN MOON } Auditors.
J. MONRO }

JOHANNESBURG.
We have audited the Accounts of the London Office of the Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company, Limited, and find them correct, and that they and the Accounts of the Johannesburg Office are properly incorporated in the above Balance Sheet.

LONDON, 16th August, 1895.

CHATTERIS, NICHOLS & CO., Auditors,
Chartered Accountants.

WOODSTOCK (TRANSSVAAL) GOLD MINE, Limited.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1882 to 1890.

CAPITAL £200,000, in £1 Shares.
Of which £70,000 is available for Working Capital.

Directors.

Admiral FREDERICK A. MAXSE (Chairman of the Aladdin's Lamp Gold Mining Company, Limited), Chairman.

EDWARD RAWLINGS, Esq. (Chairman of the Rand Southern Gold Mining Company, Limited.)

JAMES MURRAY, Esq., J.P., Beechcroft, Stirling.

*CHARLES PRESTON GIBBONS, Esq., Assoc. Memb. Inst.C.E., Gravesend.

*H. MAPPLEBECK, Esq., of Barberton, Transvaal, Managing Director.

* Will join the Board after Allotment.

THE PROSPECTUS OF THE ABOVE COMPANY
WILL BE ISSUED ON MONDAY, and can be obtained
from the

Bankers.

THE CITY BANK, LIMITED, Threadneedle Street,
London, E.C.

BANQUE PARISIENNE, 7 Rue Chauchat, Paris.

Brokers.

In LONDON: Messrs. EDWARD B. HASELDEN & CO.,
27 Throgmorton Street, E.C., and Stock Exchange.

In MANCHESTER: Messrs. STAVEACRE & WALTON,
17 Haworth Buildings, Cross Street.

In GLASGOW: JAMES KIRKWOOD, Esq., 7 Royal
Bank Place.

Or from the Secretary of the Company, at the Offices,
2 Copthall Buildings, E.C.

THE HOSPITAL for DISEASES of the THROAT,
GOLDEN SQUARE, W. (FOUNDED 1863.)

Patron—HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Bankers—Sir SAMUEL SCOTT, Bart., & CO.

W. HOLT, *Secretary*.

North London Hospital FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST,

Mount Vernon, Hampstead, and 41 Fitzroy Sq., W.

FOUNDED 1860.

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